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GLAIRE:

A STORY OF

Mormon Life and Perfidy.

— BY —

HUDSON TUTTLE.

CLAIR:

A STORY OF MORMON LIFE AND PERFIDY.

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LOVE'S YOUNG DREAMS—HOME IN SWEDEN.

A boat danced on the bright swells which swept in from the sea; a gay boat with its bands of red and white, and buoyant as a shell. A youth held the oars, his face ruddy with health, his body fashioned in the symmetry of strength. In the stern sat a young girl, possessed of all the fair beauty of her Northern clime. Her cheeks were fresh; eyes blue as an April sky, and her hair soft and flaxen.

"We have passed a pleasant day, Oswald, like many we have spent before on the fjord," she said, in a low musical voice.

"All too pleasant for me," replied the young man; "life, my dear Ethel, has been a dream exquisitely sweet."

"Then why do you speak in such a sad tone? Really you look like one returning from a funeral of a dear friend."

"I am sad, I know not why, unless it be that I remember how often people dream, they awake and find the reality contrary to their dreams."

"Ha! ha! my dear boy," she said, her rippling laughter mingling with the music of the waves, "dear boy, you have fallen into a fit of melancholy. What can be done for you?"

"Now you mock me!" he rested on his oars; "do you love me?"

"What a question! and you ask it as though you had never asked it before. How many times must I tell you that I do?"

"I know I am annoying. I ask your pardon. It is so pleasing to hear you answer; it is very selfish of me, and I ought not to speak of it."

"Yes, you ought to speak of it. It is not selfish, nor do I care, though you will remember you called me your wife when we were at grandfather's on Yule tide, when I was only eight years old, and how they all laughed at us and I cried for shame. My answer will be ever the same. You are, however, becoming morose of late."

"I know. It has come on me like one of those strange hours which you know brood over the sea full of prophesies of storm. There is calmness on the face of the water; the sky is languid in its vail of soft mist, and the wind only gives a faint sigh as it meets the idle sails. You would think the sleepy calmness would last forever, when to the sailor it is the certain as-

surance of storm; and the softer the air, the more profound the repose, the more terrible will be the tempest."

"And after, always comes sunshine. We must accept our lives on trust, doing our best, and hoping for all good. What can happen? Our house is already nearly completed."

"True, but it is only early Autumn, and the Winter must pass before I can install you as its queen."

A blush flushed the face of the fair girl, which was mobile as the waters over which they floated. She blushed she knew not why, for just this event had been the crowning anticipation of their lives since their earliest years.

"It will not be a great while before the coming of Spring," she replied, dreamily.

"No? Why, time to you and me seems so differently. You always speak of our marriage as though the time was of no consequence," said Oswald, with a slight tone of dissatisfaction.

"Now do not grow sullen over it," she replied, laughing. "You ought to be content if I am. We are happy now in the anticipation, and we do not know that we shall be in the participation."

"You banter again. It is too sacred for you to do that. We are certain —" he paused reflecting, and added, "no, Ethel, not certain of any thing."

"Oh, yes; certain of a hard row to the harbor, and a wetting if you do not take the oars."

A black cloud was rising in the west, and the wind came sighing from the wide deep. True a storm was coming, and the oars flashed in his strong hands, speeding the boat toward the haven.

Not a word was spoken. Their souls were in such perfect unison words were superfluous.

He chained the boat behind the jutting pier, and hand-in-hand they walked along the well-worn path leading up to her father's house.

It was a plain, substantial building, with a porch on the front or sea-ward side, a broad path led up from the street, and it was surrounded by lofty evergreens, larches, and shimmering birches, planted by the hands of a grandfather and great-grandfather who had successively owned the place and made it their home.

The Friedas belonged to the gentry and had noble blood, and for their

position were regarded wealthy. A pleasant home and an estate sufficiently productive to meet the wants of a household with occasional luxuries is in any country an independency.

The family was composed of four children, Ethel, Clair, Oscar and Angie, father, mother, grandfather, and Rollo, the English teacher.

Father Frieda was in the prime of life, strong, vigorous and impulsive. His heart was warm, his affections ardent, and having small discernments of the motives actuating others, he was easily influenced by dominating minds. He was like countless others held in place, not by a strong will which decided right from wrong, and maintained its integrity, but by the force of education and public sentiment. He would be like those with whom his lot chanced to be cast, and not one who would react on others and force them to become like him.

By chance he was born and bred in a staid religious society, and consequently was every way exemplary, and no one could point to a moral blemish on his character.

Mother Frieda was still youthful in appearance, and the prim cap she wore seemed out of keeping with the sheen of golden hair it half concealed. She was sweet and gentle in her ways, trustful and confiding, and regarded as law the wishes of her husband, which would be well when the husband is capable of leading wisely, but imbecile when he is not.

This husband worship, however, is woven into the texture of the old educational ideas, draws nourishment from religion, and is difficult to eradicate. The coming civilization will regard woman as a coequal factor, and by giving her as thorough an education as man receives, she will be, not the clinging ivy but, an able adviser.

As Oswald and Ethel entered the door, the father said:

"Well, my boy, we have been waiting, and I confess since the west began to darken, a little apprehensively. Mother especially was anxious, but I told her you were an old bird and scared easily."

"Not too old to have been caught had not Ethel seen the danger."

"Oh well it is all the same, or will be; what is known by one belongs to the other."

They heard footsteps in the hall, the door opened and a stranger entered.

"I forgot to tell you children that we had a visitor; a stranger from far off America, who has come among us as a missionary. This is Elder Bigham, the leader in a new religious brotherhood."

Elder Bigham was emphatically an oily man. He moved in a soft, oily manner, his feet pressing the ground like cushions, making no noise. A large man, well proportioned, strong chested, with a solid neck and round head; a face shaven smooth, and hair falling low down on his collar, the ends curling outward, gave prominence to his features and complexion. His nose was slightly aquiline, his eyes large, dark and prominent with a slight drop in one of them, his mouth large, with coarse lips, his complexion florid and changeable. He was dressed in broad-cloth soft and shiny like himself, and his speech was smooth and persuasive.

He was more than ordinarily distinguished in appearance, and well adapted to the task of a missionary of a new religious faith. He possessed strong magnetic power which he well understood how to use. Those who looked deeper into his character, beneath the smooth exterior, which like the beautiful spots and wave-like motion of the leopard conceals unrelenting thirst for blood, saw fierce appetites and passions ready to break into flames when opposed, unfeeling and remorseless as the brutes.

Ethel, instinctively recoiled from him as from a loathsome reptile, and with effort controlled herself sufficiently to extend her hand.

The hand she touched was soft and adhesive and thrilled her with disgust. Subtle are the relations we hold to each other, and these intuitions which attract and repel, if heeded when they come to us in purity, would save us untold suffering. As it is, they are regarded as idle whims.

The animal world is better guarded than man by his reason, for when they feel they obey these impulses. The young deer is not taught to know its enemies, it recognizes them by feeling, a certain guide.

"The supper awaits," said the mother.

"We are all ready," replied Mr. Frieda, "and we ought to be thankful that we are. See the fiord is already white with foam, and the storm is upon us."

With a long wail of gathering strength the wind struck the house and instantly a deluge of rain swept against the windows looking sea-ward. The house quivered through all its strong timbers under the frightful blow.

"O, Oswald," whispered Ethel, "had we remained dreaming much longer we should now have been in the fiord."

"We will be careful not to dream again," said he significantly as he cast on her upturned face a look replete with devoted love.

"Sit down," said Father Frieda, here at my right Elder Bigham. Oswald you must sup with us; sit on the other side. Now," he continued after all were seated, "Elder Bigham will you ask the Father's blessings on our homely meal?"

With fervor the Elder invoked divine blessings on his host and hostess, and all that was theirs, and what holy piety he manifested in all his sweet sounding words, even to the last for the sake of the bleeding Christ!

Mr. Frieda was delighted with this fervency. His slow northern nature was excited by the warmth of words, and he thought that only a saint could pray so much like a saint.

The table was spread with a cloth of snowy whiteness. There were glasses of milk, rich and fragrant with the bloom of mountain pastures, delicious fish fresh from the sea, with trembling jelly from the sea-moss, delicate to the eye and to the taste. The bread was not white for it was of rye. There was sauce from the mountain berries, and and dainty tarts of the same.

"Now, friend, as we say, the house is yours. Help yourself to all," said Mr. Frieda in his generous way.

"That I will," replied the Elder; "it is beyond the power of words to express the delight I feel in a family so very hospitable, where a weary stranger like myself is made to feel at home. You have a fine family, and I am surprised to hear you address each other in English."

"I have for the past three years had them taught the English tongue, for I think it is the true classical language. Besides, I have sometimes vaguely thought we might go to America, of which we hear so much, and then this knowledge would be of great benefit."

"Ah!" ejaculated the Elder, as a new light dawned on his mind. "You could do nothing better. The English will become the language of the world."

"What a long, long way off America is!" half sighed Mother Frieda, appalled by the possibility of her undertaking the journey.

"It is only two weeks off by steamer, and a sailing vessel, if the wind is fair, will not be so very much longer. The longest part of the journey is across the Continent, to where our brotherhood is located."

"I do not understand that your religion casts away the bible, or our regard of Christ and his divine mission?"

"Cast aside! Why, we intensify, we multiply; we hold the bible and Christ in a thousand fold greater reverence than do his pretended followers."

"Possible!"

"Look at it," said Elder Bigham, warming to his subject; "we are the salt of the earth. We are the primitive christians. See the christian churches. They have gone astray, apostalized from the truth, bursting with pride. Christ taught the blessedness of poverty; of giving to the poor. See their tall spires and the costly vestments they are arrayed in, and the poor, God's poor, forgotten. Truly it is said of them having the form of godliness, but denying the power thereof."

"You know this is so, Brother Frieda, and you know that the gospel is for the poor and lowly. It pleased God to take such a lowly youth in our prophet, as he did from the manger take a carpenter's son, and ordain him for the task of inaugurating a new dispensation."

"I am sent as its apostle, asking men

to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, be baptized in the faith, and become ordained by the laying on of hands. After thus being ordained, you will be filled with the Holy Ghost, and be able to perform all the miracles promised in the Bible to those who believe, but which the degenerate members of the churches dare not claim to perform."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Frieda, now deeply interested. "Your doctrine is pure and saintly."

"O my sister, the light is breaking on your soul, thank God! True, ours is the unadulterated doctrine taught by Christ and his Apostles, that and only that. Faith, repentance, baptism for remission of sins, and acceptance of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands. Every saint should be able to heal the sick, to talk in unknown tongues, to prophesy, for it is expressly said: 'These signs shall follow them that believe.'"

"Your doctrine breathes a new life into my soul," exclaimed Mr. Frieda, enthusiastically.

"Thank God," said the Elder, fervently, continuing: "What fairer teachings can be offered; what higher and more certain test of truth? It lifts the veil from the darkness of the world; it brings Christ to us poor sinful creatures, and dispels the darkness with which the churches stifle the souls of men."

"Your words deeply interest me, and increases my desire to know more of your brotherhood."

"The more you know of it the better will you be pleased."

"It was founded on a revelation from heaven. Our prophet was told by an angel of God, where the golden tablets were concealed. He found them, and, in a trance, controlled by an angel, translated the strange writing thereon, which, having completed, the tablets were taken away by the hand of God."

"The book was thus given us as a supplement to the Bible. O, it is a blessed book," exclaimed the Elder, upturning his eyes. "Blessed book! And He who gave us the translation, who was the means of transmitting its wisdom to earth, like the beloved Jesus, died for its truth."

"How terrible!" exclaimed Mrs. Frieda.

"Terrible! He perished by the hands of the Gentiles, because he preached the doctrine of love and peace. What a heavenly man he was! He forgave his enemies and blessed those who killed him."

"The blessed soul," again interposed Mrs. Frieda, who heart was touched by self-sacrifice, purity, and devotion.

"After he was slain, those who believed, feeling that they could no longer abide in the camp of the enemy, departed into the wilderness in search of a promised land, where they could establish the brotherhood they so longed to realize on earth."

"For months and months they traversed wild forests and boundless plains, crossing wide rivers and lofty mountains, before they reached the country God had provided for them where they could rest in peace."

"And did they find a beautiful land?" asked Mr. Frieda.

"Beautiful! Why, dear brother, you never saw anything like it. You never dreamed of such a country.

"The valley of the Salt Lake might have been the location of Eden. Lofty mountains all around it, covered with snow, yet the Valley is a paradise.

"The Lake is a great sea, its shores encrusted with salt. The mountain streams flow through the broad plains, furnishing water as the Nile does for Egypt.

"The sky is serene, and tempests are never felt.

"I tell you it is a land flowing with milk and honey. God commanded us to go there and make it our home. There we have established our brotherhood. We work for each other, and we have an abundance and to spare."

"I have thought for years of going to America, but as it is so far off, and all are strangers there, I do not suppose I ever shall, yet I am delighted to hear some one talk who has seen that wonderful country."

"You would be delighted, and were you in our Brotherhood, you would not find yourself among strangers. We have a band of Elders who receive all the money and invest it for the good of the members of the Church of the Saints. If you were there a square mile of land such as you never saw before would be set apart for you."

"A square mile?" exclaimed Mr. Frieda in astonishment.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the Elder. "Why, land! There is land enough for everybody. The Church owns thousands of square miles on which the grass waves like fields of grain, with herds of buffalo roaming over it."

A new world suddenly dawned on Mr. Frieda's mind. He had been confined to the narrow coast, hedged in by mountains, and although now and then ships sailed by, going or coming from distant ports, he had no fixed idea of the boundlessness of the outside world.

Supper was over, and the family separated, each to finish the tasks of the day.

"I and Frolic will bring the cows from the pasture, Oscar," said Ethel.

Her words were a ruse that deceived no one. The path to the pasture led the way Oswald was going.

The storm had passed quickly as it came, and the sun, though low in the sky, was brilliantly shining. The grass was fresh and bespangled with spray, and, in places, on the hillsides, the flowers were blooming in extended beds. The fiord was falling to rest, but beyond the ocean still angry, madly threw its billows against the rocky shore.

They walked up the path silently, Frolic, the shepherd dog, ran before them, barking and frisking with delight, when Oswald, taking her hand, said:

"That man is more to be feared than the storm."

"I fear he is a bad man, but I have no reason to dread him. He will go tomorrow, and surely he can do no harm before that time."

"I hope he will go; the sooner the

better. He is a bad man, and I do not believe his soft words. Beside his admiration for you is too presumptive."

"Ha! ha! Now Oswald I have found out the cause of your dislike. You are jealous, and that, too, of such a man. You ought to be ashamed—and you are."

"No I am not jealous. If I were I should be ashamed."

"I wish our house was finished. You will grow unbearably miserable before it is ready."

Thus they talked, silly nonsense to others, but profoundly interesting to themselves, till they came to the pasture, where the small snow white cows cropped the sweet mountain grasses.

With the cows was a little horse, shaggy of tail and mane, strongly built for speed and endurance. Ethel called the cows and they came at the sound of her voice, and marched down the path like a file of soldiers, Frolic walking behind, giving impatient barks to urge them on.

"Come Fide," she again called, and the beautiful horse raised his head, looked for a moment, came and placed his head on her shoulder, and she stroked his face with her hand.

"Pretty fellow, are you lonesome out here in the field? We will have a run to-morrow."

"I see I have a rival, and one likely to win, if he has not won already."

"You will have to take Fide with me," she said, laughing. "He is a wise fellow. Can't you go to sleep, my brave horse?"

Looking wisely around as though he thought he could, he lay down, stretched himself out, and was asleep.

She sat down by his side and began braiding his flossy mane.

"Now you have slept long enough. If you will bring me Oswald's hat I will let you go home with me."

Up he sprang, and with toss of head and many a circle, gently took Oswald's hat in his mouth and brought it to his mistress.

"Place it on my head."

The obedient animal placed it above the golden hair, on the head of the fair girl.

"Now Oswald take your hat and we will part.

"Be a good boy till we meet again. Should I want you I will send Frolic after you. Good-by."

She sprang on her horse's back.

"Now Fide if you will walk down the hill, on the level you may go as fast as you please."

How sweet is the Spring time of love, and beautiful the confidence of plighted hearts! All the years are made bright by the glow cast over them from the glories of this dawn. Time, nor change, life nor death, can not extinguish. Even when the sun has gone down behind a bleak horizon, its twilight can never be wholly effaced.

THE CONVERTS PREPARE TO DEPART.

The morning was bright, with the dew sparkling on the grass now ready for the mowers, for the harvest time had come, and the men were throng-

ing to the fields with songs and laughter.

Slowly walking along the lane leading from Mr. Frieda's residence, Rollo, the English teacher, was enjoying his morning's stroll.

It was a narrow life to him among these Northern people, who were content with the imperfections which environed them, and even were proud of what more favored people would regard as hardships. Life to him had been a mystery. He had stranded on this coast, by chance, as it were, after traveling over Southern Europe, and the Friedas desiring an English teacher, he had remained, tied by stronger and stronger ties.

At first he regarded his pupils as children, not dreaming that any other relation than teacher and pupil were possible. Ethel he knew already was plighted to another, and Clair was only a child. But the child, in that fitful year, sprang with a bound from girlhood to the estate of a fair maiden, so like her elder sister, that they were often mistaken by near friends, one for the other.

Before he was aware, the heart he had thought dead and unfeeling, was captured, and not daring to confess even to himself, he remained from month to month enjoying the captivity, undecided whether to break from it, or to declare himself to his fair captor.

Sporting in circles around him, was the intelligent Scotch cooley, not handsome, except in his face and almost speaking eyes.

"You are active, my Frolic, this morning; you have not been with the sheep for a week, or you would rather walk by my side then."

The dog came up, looking him in the face and gave a sharp bark.

"Let us sit down on this rock and look matters over. In my pocket, I have some cake for you. People who get cake usually bow for it?"

The dog arose on his hind feet and bowed.

"Well done; take the cake and may you relish it. You have grown since I picked you up in Scotland and carried you all day in my coat pocket. What a looking fellow you were."

He laughed aloud at the recollection, and the dog barked as though he fully understood what was said.

"Hello, what makes him run away?" he said, as the dog rushed madly toward the gate.

There was Ethel on her petted horse, and Frolic was giving her a noisy welcome. In a moment they came to Rollo's side.

Her face was flushed with exercise and the bracing morning air.

"You ride at an early hour?" he said saluting her.

"I have been to the village. You were earlier than I, for Frolic had gone with you, and I missed him."

"We went down by the beach, and knowing you were gone I returned this way to meet you. I have something to say to you; something I wish I did not have to say."

"I think I already know what you would tell me," replied Ethel, almost breathlessly.

"I am glad if you are in the least prepared, for it is painful enough at best. That man who claims to be a saint has at last won your father to his scheme!"

"Think you father really believes the nonsense he constantly talks to him!"

"I fear he only too firmly believes, and that he will place in his hands as representative of the church all his property, depending on the promise of this man for a princely estate in the new land."

"Do you know where this village is? Did you ever hear of the Saints or their prophet?"

"England is nearly as far from America as is Sweden, and I must say I never heard of either the Saints or their prophet before. This valley must lie in the western part of the continent at least 3000 miles from the Atlantic coast."

"The Elder says the Gentiles are a terrible, savage people, and that there are fierce Indian tribes. Oh Clair, what is in store for you and dear, dear mother!"

"The Gentiles are people like myself, as I understand and will harm no one. As for the Indians, they are held in subjection by the government. In regard to Clair, my good and true friend, I will tell you, I shall go with your father and take care of her."

They did not notice the approach of Mr. Frieda and Elder Bigham, who came walking arm in arm, engaged in earnest conversation.

"Good morning, my young friends," said the Elder, with what he intended for a bland smile, "I was just speaking of the grandeur of our Western Empire. Our city will become the center of the nations of the earth. All shall come and do us homage. We are the Zion of the Lord God, and they who come now shall reap a rich harvest. They will be the chosen rulers."

"Oh I am so glad that your father has been found among the elect. He is almost prepared to depart to the Celestial City."

Mr. Frieda became restless during the delivery of this speech, designed to relieve him of the embarrassment of breaking the news, and was still more disturbed by the effect it produced on his daughter.

Pale as an alpine flower which bursts into bloom at the foot of the receding sun's drift, she clasped her father's arm, and in agonized tones, exclaimed:

"It is not true! It is not true! Say, father, say it is false!"

"Why, my dear child, you unnerve me. I did not suppose you would care, you are so well provided for, and I know we shall be."

"Oh, father, how can you leave the dear old home, where grandfather and great grandfather lived and died; where every rock and tree and hill and dale has a history and a memory?"

"How can you consent to go to a new world, taking poor dear mamma among strangers and savages? You said you loved me; how can you go and leave me?"

Elder Bigham again smiled:

"Why need he leave you? You

must go with us. My dear girl, you ought to easily break the ties which bind you here in the cause of religion."

As he spoke he extended his hand to take. She shrank from him with the look of an affrighted deer, that trembles with fear, yet knows not what it fears.

A malignant scowl came over the usually placid face of the Elder, but it quickly passed away and he again smiled.

"Have you told mother?"

"Certainly. She, of course, dislikes leaving the old place. I do myself. I prefer staying, but it will be so much better for the children. Here they will become like their father, and neighbors; there a new world will open, and they can avail themselves of opportunities unknown here."

"How can you so deceive yourself? We are all happy here, and have always been; now we shall be divided and miserable."

"I did not expect you would take this matter so to heart. You know our going will necessitate your immediate marriage, as I want to see you settled before I go, and I thought this would prevent your grieving very much over our going."

"Do you go so soon?"

"The steamer will leave in ten days, and by that time everything must be arranged."

"You thought I would not take your going to heart; that to have my mother, Clair, Oscar, Angie, all go away, would be forgotten in my new happiness! Why, it is death! To have them go where I know I shall not see them again, is death! It may be worse, for if dead, I should know they were at rest, but now I shall think of them as suffering, as disturbed, as pining for the old home they will not see again forever."

She leaned her head on the neck of her horse, and wept.

"I have a favor to ask, Mr. Frieda," said Rollo. "If you go, I desire to go with you."

"You? Why, I never thought! Certainly, certainly, most gladly do I accept you."

The Elder's face beamed with satisfaction as he extended his hand:

"I am more than honored by the conversion of one so intelligent to the fold of Zion. The church needs such as you. You will soon make your mark as a leader."

"Do not misunderstand my motives. I am not a convert. I go because my friends go. I am adrift anyway, and as no one cares where I am, I do not care myself."

"All right, all right," replied the Elder. "When you reach the City of the Saints, you will be the most zealous of converts. They all do. You have only to see and know to become one of us. We must go, Brother Frieda. God bless you my young friends."

The girl raised her face, wet with tears, and taking Rollo's hand, said:

"I know why you go. You would be my brother. I am glad to call one so pure and noble by that name, and as such to love you. You go, while I stay. Promise me that you will care

for my mother, my sisters and brother, and God helping you, if my strangely erring father needs your aid, you will give it to him."

"As I treasure your sisterly love, the purest and most true I have ever known in my bitter experience of life, I swear, and though it cost my life, still do I promise."

"I believe, and rest content. Here, Frolic, you must carry this note to Oswald. Do not be called away or sent in any other direction."

The dog barked assent and could scarcely wait to have the note tied to his collar. Then he bounded away, uttering quick short barks.

"Now I will go to my mother, whom I left singing a gay ballad, but now, alas, her voice can only sing a sad hymn of despair! Why was she not consulted? She who has most to lose! It is wrong to force her to submit to measures against which her heart rebels."

OSWALD DISAPPEARS—THE OLD MINE.

Fide stood all the morning in the stable. In the afternoon he was led to the door, and while his impatient mistress waited on the porch he ate the grass in a discontented way.

"Frolic has been unfaithful," she mused, "he knew I sent him on an important errand, and has forgotten all, because some of the shepherds wanted him. No, I will not be unjust to him until I know. It is only four hours since he left. I will wait another hour before I blame him."

The hour had gone by and five more with it, when the dog appeared, walking wearily, evidently distressed with his exertion.

"Come here, Frolic," spoke his impatient mistress, "let me have the note you bring. Ah, it is my own! You did not find him? You bad fellow, you have been on other business. Why did you leave mine undone?"

The dog could not speak in words, but by his manner he showed that he had done all that could be expected of him, and he seemed so completely exhausted Ethel could not speak harshly to him.

"You are a bad dog, but you shall have a nice supper."

She was impatient and disappointed, yet she did not for a moment entertain the idea that any accident had befallen Oswald.

The dog was the pet of the village, and often the shepherds called him when they had difficulty in herding, or had sheep astray, as he would find and drive them in as none other could do.

They had, she thought, beguiled him that day, and set him at some hard task.

The day was at its close, and the shades of evening were slowly gathering. A lonely hour, and fraught with lonely feelings.

"I desired to see Oswald to-day, and consult him on this sudden determination of father, and about our equally sudden marriage. If he should oppose—ha, ha!" She laughed, but it was forced and without mirth. "It will exactly suit him. I wanted to tell him first, and see how glad he would be."

While she thus mused, a carriage drove to the door, and Ethel recognized the father of Oswald.

"I called," he said, "to inquire if my son was here, as he has not been at home since morning."

"Not at home!" exclaimed Ethel, with an indefinable foreboding, "not at home! then that is why Frolic did not find him. Sire, I sent my dog to him this morning. He has been gone all day without finding him."

"Really, this is strange. It is unusual for him. I can form no idea where he may be."

"Perhaps to some distant village," suggested the girl, ready to catch at any explanation which would relieve her mind of its fearful anxiety.

"No. He never went away without telling us. Something dreadful has certainly happened to him."

With this assuring remark he turned his carriage and drove away, leaving Ethel in an agony of indefinable fear. At this juncture her father and Elder Bigham came in.

"A fine evening, my daughter, and I hope you are more reconciled."

"O, father, the grief to which you refer is absorbed by another, which may be greater. Oswald has disappeared and can not be found."

"What say you? Is he dead?"

"Oh not that, do not say that! though he may be, no one knows."

"Have they searched for him?"

"I presume so. Frolic has been out all day but returned without finding him."

"How long since he went away?"

"This morning."

"And you are so anxious; my daughter is becoming nervous. Why that is nothing. You spoke as if he had not been heard from in a month. He is delayed some where."

Elder Bigham had remained silent. He now said sententiously: "The wicked shall be cut off in the flower of their youth. The unbeliever shall perish."

"Who calls my Oswald wicked? Noble, brave Oswald! Dare you say he has been killed because he did not believe in your doctrines? If he is dead, I do hope I may perish with him."

"Do not alarm yourself daughter," said her father, "really there is no cause. In the morning we will search for him, if in the meantime he does not return, which he undoubtedly will."

"I hope so dear father, I hope so," sobbed the suffering girl.

"And now go to your room; sleep will restore you, and in the morning you will find how groundless is your alarm."

There was no sleep for her that night. Her fevered cheek dried the pillow wetted with her tears, and the gray dawn found her mounted on her horse determined to visit Oswald's father and if Oswald had not returned, to devote the day in search. She called Frolic, and when he came she said:

"I have had no breakfast, but you shall, bad as you were yesterday. You must be good to-day and find him."

The dog had not recovered from his

yesterday's work, however unfortunate it had been.

Mr. Frieda, Oscar and Rollo met her at the gate for they were disturbed much more than they were willing to admit.

"Were you intending visiting Oswald's father?" asked Rollo.

"I thought best to do so, but I did not expect company. I am glad of your intent however."

In less than a mile they met this gentleman with a dozen neighbors, all very excited, and questions and answers were rapidly exchanged.

Oswald had not been heard from.

"Come Frolic," said Ethel, in a voice steadied by her agony of fear. "You have found Oswald many a time. Go now and find him again."

He started immediately up the hillside, while close after him pressed the party.

Up and up, along devious paths, the dog scented his way until at last he turned and gave a long howl, as of unspeakable pain—more like a wail than the voice of a dog.

When the party came up, they found the mouth of a shaft leading down to an unknown depth. It was the mouth of a mine, worked at some time, of which tradition had only feeble recollection.

"Is he here, Frolic?" she asked.

The dog gave another prolonged howl.

"See," said Rollo, "Frolic has been here before. He has been into the pit at least a short way and scratched a path out again."

There were the traces of his arduous work, for he had jumped over the edge of the pit to a projecting ledge, and had only been able to get out by digging away the edge of the bank with his feet, and gnawing through several large roots. There was where he had been all the previous day.

The pit was only accessible by means of ropes by which a person could be lowered down as into a well.

Several volunteered, but Ethel declared her purpose to descend, fastened the rope around her body, commanded them to lower her into the shaft.

Down, down, she sank into the heart of the mountain. The walls were formed of projecting ledges, any one of which might catch a falling person, but on none did she find any trace.

At the bottom, two hundred feet from the surface, two shafts led off into the mountain. At the junction of these lay a hat. She knew it belonged to Oswald.

They waited her signal, receiving none, became alarmed, and drew her up apparently lifeless, but in her hand she tightly grasped the object, the sight of which had paralyzed her senses.

Others descended, and the old galleries, leading like labyrinthine network, were exposed, but no farther trace was found.

THE LAST EVENING IN THE OLD HOME.

The Frieda family gathered for the last time on the porch, looking seaward. It was a soft, beautiful evening, with the full moon pouring a gentle light

over the dark green hills, and the sparkling waves of the fiord.

Beyond the low point in the harbor, the tall masts of the ship which was to bear them away could be seen rising above the spars of the coasting vessels and fishing boats.

In the morning they would go on board, and she would spread her wings and bear them to a country of which they knew nothing except what they had learned from the florid language of Elder Bigham.

Mr. Frieda had what was considered by his neighbors an independence, and he had converted all his possessions, except his household goods, into money which in his infatuation he gave to the Elder as an investment in the Church, for which he was to receive a magnificent estate with residence thereon in Utah.

Many of the peasants who had been converted were too poor to pay their passage, and to these he had advanced money, they agreeing to repay it in labor for the Church on their arrival.

He labored earnestly, indefatigably, employing every motive and incentive to persuade and invite the converts to embark in the enterprise.

To the aged he held out the prospect of luxurious rest in the soft climate of Utah, cared for by the Mother Church.

To youth he offered the allurements of boundless opportunities and the attractions of a novel and broader life. The City of the Saints was in the heart of Eden, and the soil gave returns spontaneously of an hundred fold.

"I regret you take the matter so to heart. I did not think you would care. In fact, I thought you would enjoy the journey," said Mr. Frieda to his wife, who sat with her face buried in her hands.

"If I only knew where we were going, or of the people with whom we are to associate, I should feel differently, but we know nothing except what Elder Bigham has told us, and I confess I distrust him."

"Distrust him! Why, he is one of the best. He is an Elder in a church, all of whom are saints, and is just like the apostles of old we read about in the Bible. They went to foreign countries to convert the heathen, and he comes among us at a great sacrifice for our good. I regret you do not like him."

"He is so different from us, and at times he has an expression of such cruelty; I fear at heart he is a bad man."

"You are always distrusting people," said Mr. Frieda, impatiently. "Now we have concluded to go, we must not look back. We shall be received as brothers and sisters. I shall have a nobleman's estate, and the children will have fine opportunities."

Grandfather Frieda came in leaning on his cane.

"You are getting ready to start," said he, with trembling voice; "I suppose you know best, son, what to do, but it is hard for me to break up here. I was born here, now three score years and ten ago, and I do not expect much anywhere, except a friendly hand at last. I would it had been God's will for you to have waited until next year;

then I should have been sleeping with my family in the churchyard, and a trouble to no one."

"You will not trouble us father. I would wait as long as you please, but the present is so advantageous, if we go at all, we must now. Beside you are hale for your age, and in that fine climate will reach a full century."

"Do not talk," replied the old man, "My sun is setting. It has been a long Summer's day. I shall not be sorry when it closes. Perhaps if I go to the old places I shall come back feeling better. I want to go to your mother's grave and say good-by. She died twenty years and more ago, but God knows my heart is still in her keeping."

"I will go with you, grandpa," said Clair, "you will be lonely, and I want to place some flowers on brother Eddie's grave, for it will be a long time, if ever, before I can again."

"Will you allow me to accompany you?" asked Rollo.

"Of course, but you'll find it a wearisome walk."

"No I shall not find it wearisome. Come, grandfather, my arm is strong; lean on it, and Clair will take your other hand. We will be two crutches and you can walk like a boy."

They followed the path leading around the hill to the village church, standing in the dark shadows, as though treasuring all the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows of the generations who had passed in and out of its portals, and who reposed under the slabs which kept watch and ward in the broad grounds stretching out of that shadow into the full light of the morn.

"Your grandmother and I were married in this church," said the old man, his voice trembling with the memory. "It is fifty years ago and more; I was twenty-one, she nineteen. The villagers were out in gala dress, and the little girls came with a wreath of flowers and crowned her as we came to the door. She was beautiful, like you, Clair," he laid his hand on the head of the blushing girl, "beautiful, and good as beautiful."

"We lived in the farm-house your father has sold. There our two children were born; your father and the daughter whose name you bear. She was like you, and of the same age when the angels came and took her away."

"She lies here, and beneath this mound your grandmother sleeps. It is twenty-three years last May, since she went from me, and from that time my thoughts of her have been my consolation. I will sit down by her grave."

As he seated himself on a block of moss-grown stone, Rollo took Clair's hand, and said:

"Let us walk along this path to the other side, and leave grandfather to rest and silently commune with the past."

"It is sad for grandfather. I wish father had not determined to leave this delightful old place, where so many memories cluster. I fear it will not be as well for us, and the terrible fate of Oswald, I feel is only the beginning of trouble."

"Ethel bears her affliction bravely,

though bewildered by the blow, she is no longer herself."

"I am glad she is going with us. When at first her marriage was proposed, I could not endure the thought of our separation. And it is exceedingly kind in you, Mr. Rollo, to accompany us."

"Not at all. It is my wish and pleasure. It is entirely indifferent to me where I am." He took her hand in his. "May I hope that you will always allow me to remain with you?"

She blushing looked up in his face and replied:

"I am only a child; you would soon weary of me."

"That is for me to say," he said, vehemently; "do you decide if you would weary of me; I have already decided the other."

"O, Mr. Rollo, why did you tell me this to-night? You are my teacher, my friend, and I have thought of you as such; I know not if I love you."

"Why do I tell you to-night? Because to-morrow I may not have an opportunity. Because you may need my utmost protection. I must know that I have the right to sacrifice life itself if need be, for you."

"What shall I say to you?"

"Say you love me, if you really do. Say I must remain your friend, if that must be. In either case I shall go with you, nor fail in the confidence you may repose in me."

She did not speak in words, but her hand remained, and he felt it tremble with the electric thrill of love.

He bent and kissed her, and both were assured that forever and forever their two lives would flow in one channel, and their hearts be undivided.

They returned to the place where grandfather awaited them, without speaking a word, for their souls had met on a plane where words are unnecessary for the interchange of thought. They found him radiant with joy.

"The dead live," he cried. "I came here sorrowing, and sat down to weep, but the angels rolled away the stone from the sepulcher. My own Clair arose in the beauty which was hers. My mother was here and spoke my name as in the old time. I am going away happy."

He arose, and taking their proffered arms, walked a few paces, turned and said "good-by."

As they turned from the church path into the one which led to the pasture, they met Ethel, followed by her horse and dog. The latter ran forward, barking with delight, as a herald and guard of his mistress.

"Are you also leave taking, sister Ethel?" asked Rollo.

"O, no," she replied with a faint smile on her pale face, "I am gathering my treasures. Elder Bigham has consented, or rather advised, that I take my two friends with me. He has been good indeed, and perhaps I have wronged him."

"This is quite unexpected, and I am glad your wishes are to be gratified," replied Clair, "but as for his being good, you need not trouble about that. A stone would feel for you enough to let Frolic and Fide go."

The horse went ahead, walking demurely along the path, cropping a mouthful of grass here and there, or turning his head to see its friends, or hear what they were saying. Frolic was full of sport, and ran round and round, barking at Fide or playfully snapping at his heels.

"You are more happy than I expected to see you, grandpa," said Ethel. This is a sad trial for us all, but especially for you."

"Ah, my child, I was never happier. I drank the bitter cup long, long ago, not quite to the bottom, else I should have found it sweet. I drank to the last this night, and the gall is changed to honey. This night the grave spoke to me. Your grandmother and my own angel Clair came to me. I am happy because I now know they live and are with me."

"He had a vision in the churchyard," whispered Rollo; "I would not deceive him."

"Do you believe the dead can speak to us, grandpa?" eagerly asked Ethel.

"Certainly I do. Why, they have within the hour to me. I know they have."

"Then why does not Oswald come to me? If there is one in the world who would come, he is that one. And yet I call to the unfeeling air when I speak his name."

"You have not drank the cup to the lees yet. Perhaps he is not allowed to come. We know little of the ways of Providence. It works for our good, though at times it seems unfeeling and pitiless. What matters it what happens here? It is only for to-day, and the measureless eternities are for us on the morrow. It is only a little more or less of pain or of joy, and then it will be over, and it will be joy alone."

They came to the porch. Elder Bigham had arrived from the Port and was exhilarated with the success of his scheme. Half his converts were already on board, and his eloquence was florid with promises.

"It is true sister Frieda," said he, "that you are making sacrifices, but remember the sacrifices Christ and the apostles made; the church fathers and our own prophet, and people at Kirtland, who left that beautiful place by command of God to go to Nauvoo, and from there crossed the plains to the land of their inheritance. Your sacrifice is slight compared with theirs, and yet now at the eleventh hour, after they have broken the wilderness, and made it bloom like the rose, you are admitted to share all the benefits; all the wealth they have gathered. Your whole family is going. You will have a splendid home, and will wonder how you could have been contented in this bleak country, where it is Winter three-fourths of the year."

"I hope it will be well," meekly replied Mrs. Frieda.

"I know it will be," said her husband; "I am sure of it. Brother Bigham, before we part for the night, will you not refresh our faith by prayer?"

"Well thought of, brother. Let us kneel before the throne of grace."

He knelt and offered a most fervent prayer, in which he mentioned every

member of the family and seemed thoughtful for the welfare of all.

When he arose, even Mother Frieda said his words were refreshing, and questioned herself, if she did right in thinking a man who prayed with such zealous piety could be otherwise than truthful and good.

With good-night low spoken the members of the family separated for the night.

ON THE SEA—DEPARTURE OF THE CONVERTS FOR UTAH.

There is a wonderful fascination in the departure of a great ship for the ocean. Going down to the sea has been a theme of poesy since the ships of Tarshish and of Tyre sought commerce on distant coasts; for the ship itself is a poem and the sea is a poem set to music by the hand of God.

The song of the sailors at their tasks is as weird as the mists of the horizon. The ship throbs with the pulsations of the incoming and outgoing waves, and impatiently chafes her moorings.

The captain giving quick, short commands is the incarnate spirit of the leviathan. His keen eye is everywhere; he knows everything, and what implicit trust does his vigilance and promptness gain and exact?

The fateful moment comes; all are on board; the gangway hauled in; the ship and the world are no longer one; they are two.

They who are on board can not now retreat; they who would go, if on shore, must remain.

A thousand hands are waving; a thousand kisses are thrown; good-bys, God bless you, and farewells are said with falling tears.

The sailors run up the broad sails. The wind coming softly, extends them into graceful bows; the lines are cast off, and as though quickened by a new impulse, the ship swings her prow outward toward the harbor's mouth. A line of foam stretches behind her as she gathers speed from the freshening winds which sing in her cordage and bend her snowy sails.

It was soon too late for the group of emigrants on deck to respond to the farewells from the shore by words. They waved their handkerchiefs, in response to handkerchiefs waved on shore, until that shore receded behind the headland forming the harbor, whereon gleamed the lighthouse, guiding the wanderer from the sea.

They were silent, for their hearts were pressed, and their eyes were full of tears. The horizon broadened into an infinite waste. The waves met the sky in the mists ahead and behind, the coast sank into the sea and was scarcely discernable. One by one the members of the group wearied and went below.

The voyage was prosperous; no storms drifted them from their course, and the superstitious converts began to express their convictions that they were especial favorites of heaven.

Morning and evening, Elder Bigham fervently prayed, and kept warm the zeal of his followers.

He was endowed with those qualities which carry the masses; with magne-

tism which captures and beguiles, as a serpent allures birds, and with keen insight into human motives, which enabled him to take advantage of the weak points in the character of those with whom he came in contact.

One Sunday afternoon he came on deck, and after briskly walking up and down, he perceived Mr. Frieda standing at the stern idly looking at the wake which streamed behind.

"Ah, ha! my dear brother," said the Elder with his blandest smile, "getting homesick? That will never do."

"Not the least, not the least. We are going home, are we not?"

"True, true. You will find yourself right, there. Going home; I suppose your family do not look on this matter as you do. I hear that they repine a good deal."

"My dear Elder Bigham, you must overlook this natural feeling in them. The children are not old enough to reason, and wife, of course, had rather have remained as we were."

"That is the way with woman. The bible truly calls her the weaker member, and wisely places man at the head. We have had considerable conversation on the doctrines of the Saints." The Elder spoke in a low, confidential tone, drawing nearer and placing his hand on Mr. Frieda's arm; "and I have set before you some of the main points of our belief, with all of which you have agreed, except the one which enjoins on the true Saint the necessity of taking more than one wife. If I understand you, this is not wholly clear."

"I confess at first I was repelled from it, and do not now regard it with favor."

"You must remember that it is educational prejudice. Why, if you had been reared in a country where more than one wife was allowed, you would not feel in this way. The bible recommends it; I do not mean our revelation, but the bible of the Christian world. Was not Abraham a favorite of God, with his two wives? And was not Solomon called the wisest of all mankind, with his seven hundred wives, all of whom were princesses? What make you out of that?"

Mr. Frieda was not firmly grounded in his belief in monogamic marriage on principle. Really, it was an educational matter with him, and the new doctrine opened a vista, which gave him a glance into a realm of sensuality not wholly repugnant to his nature.

He could not at once overcome his scruples, but they were rapidly vanishing. When the second day out, he first heard from the Elder's lips that polygamy was allowable among the Saints, had it been possible, he would have at once withdrawn from the enterprise. He was shocked, and declared it a terrible crime.

The edge had worn off; repeated conversations with the Elder had familiarized him with the new phase; and, although he declared it was all the same to him, for he should never be untrue to his first wife, it must be confessed he began to revolve in his mind what he would do in case certain contingencies should arise.

"The old dispensation had passed,"

he replied, "and, although God allowed plurality of wives then, he has now forbidden it."

"Where do you find that in your Bible?" stoutly demanded the Elder.

"Is it not there?"

"There? No, it is false! Nowhere has God revoked his word. Is he a changling? Does he vacillate and change his laws? What was good for Solomon is good for you and I."

"But, my dear Elder, do you practice this doctrine, or is it only a theory?" asked Mr. Frieda, excitedly.

"Practice it? Do you suppose I would preach a doctrine I did not practice? When I joined the Saints I was a young man with a young wife. I joined and became a leader in the hands of the Lord. It took me just two years to outgrow my old Gentile education. I saw my brethren with their two or more wives, perfectly happy with them, and became convinced that they were right."

"Do you not see that it is necessary for the elected Saints to have more than one wife? Is it not immeasurably better for a woman to be the second wife of a Saint than the first of a Gentile? Her salvation depends on her husband, as well as her happiness and rank in glory."

"Beside, such wives have better opportunities in this world, and their children, being truly the seed of the church, are reared up in the fear of God and observance of his covenant."

"I confess you present a strong argument, but, in practice, are the wives happy? Do they not become jealous of each other?"

"Happy! There are no homes in the world comparable with ours. Why, our wives are like sisters. One of our Elders married a mother and her two daughters. Of course, such families will live happily together. They are not jealous. Jealousy is a worldly passion, and if apparent, is at once suppressed."

"The Church must modify the feelings and disposition of woman as well as men, it seems to me, to bring about such domestic harmony."

"Certainly. The women know that without husbands they are nothing, in this world or the next. They know that they will be better situated if their husbands have several wives, and invariably the first wife entreats the husband to take others."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Frieda; a new revelation was made to him—an unthought of contingency.

What if his wife should insist on his complying with this usage?

The thought at first was abhorrent, but as he became accustomed to it that aspect wore away, and he began to speculate on the possibility of his wife urging him to take another. The repulsion changed to attraction, and the hope that she would become a pleasing anticipation.

O, Religion! what crimes have been committed in your holy name! How have your pure robes of spotless righteousness been dragged to the dust and mire of selfishness, and compelled to administer to the most degrading passions of mankind!

Pure in itself, it is made the cloak for

impurity; the embodiment of love and charity, it is made the excuse of undying hate and savage cruelty.

The conversation was interrupted by the approach of Rollo and Clair.

"Hush," whispered Mr. Frieda, "these doctrines will not be relished by my family."

"Then you have not broached them to your wife?"

"Assuredly not. She has not grown into the religion of the Saints sufficiently yet."

"That is well, brother," responded the Elder, "quite right." He continued, complacently, "my young friends, how are you prospering?"

"Quite well," answered Rollo, "we have had a fine voyage and must now be on the last half."

"Better than that. A day or two more will bring us in sight of the American shore."

"The sooner the better," said Clair, "I am heartily weary of the voyage, prosperous as it has been."

They walked slowly to the forward deck, where a group of sailors were engaged in earnest conversation.

The sailor is a superstitious being. He lives in an atmosphere of mystery. The sea and the sky are mysteries, and the solitude of his life, days and months and years tossing on the heaving brine, limitless, inscrutable, with its strange forms, its loveliness, its giant strength, stamp their combined impress on his character. He is a believer in signs and omens, and while brave in daring the most appalling danger, shrinks in childish fear under the influence of superstition.

The sailors were conversing in suppressed tones, evidently deeply interested, and as Rollo and Clair approached one of them turned and, touching his hat, said:

"Pardon, lady, if you overheard my words. I was only relating an idle story."

"Do not trouble yourself," replied Clair, "I did not overhear you, but as I have often heard of sailors' stories, please tell me this one."

"To you?"

"Why not to me?"

"This is not really a sailor's yarn," said he, stammeringly. "It happened last year, and it happened again last night. I really think I had better not tell it."

"Now you have excited my curiosity you must. There is no good reason for your not doing so."

"Yes, my good fellow," said Rollo. "There can be no reason; she will not tremble at your ghastly tales."

"Then I will tell you."

He approached closer and in a low mysterious voice, as though his words would escape on the air, began:

"It is a sign. I first saw it last year off the Coast of France. We had been to the Mediterranean ports, and were on our way to England. I was on the night-watch, and it was about the middle of my watch. I was as wide awake as I now am, with the moon beaming down like an immense beacon when I looked across the starboard bow, and saw a woman with white garments trailing like a cloud,

and streaming hair white as another cloud, and her face sad as death.

"The ship passed her or she passed the ship, I do not know which, and as she drifted astern she gave a long piercing shriek which rang in my ears for weeks afterwards."

"What was it?" asked Clair.

"I do not know. No one knows, but it was a sign."

"The next night a passenger walking the deck enjoying the evening air, leaned over the railing, lost his balance and fell overboard. He gave exactly the same scream I had heard the night before."

"We tacked ship, lowered boats and searched and searched, but found no trace of him, nor will there ever be found until the sea gives up its dead."

"And was that all?" asked Rollo.

"Not all, for before morning a terrific gale struck us and for a week we were driven before the storm."

"You were speaking of last night?" said Clair deeply interested.

"Yes. Last night the moon was at its full, and I was on my watch. I heard a murmuring voice; looked out over the bow, and there was that woman, with her death white face and cloud garments. Again I heard her awful shriek of distress."

"And we all lived through the night," laughingly said one of the sailors.

"That does not prove we all shall through another. There will be a death in this ship. The wraith has called and when she makes her demands we have got to answer."

Oscar came forward and interrupted them by saying that grandfather had been suddenly taken ill, and desired to see them.

They immediately went to the cabin where they found him lying on a cot, extemporized for him.

They needed not, even in their inexperience, to be told that the hand of death was on him.

"Come close my children. It is getting dark. The Winter is coming. The air is frosty, and all day the darkness has been gathering. It will soon be night, and Winter. I have heard voices, and seen a light. Maybe it is the Northern-light, or else it is the light from the great throne, bidding me not to fear."

"Oh grandfather," exclaimed Ethel, "do you mean that you are to leave us,—to die?"

"I shall not leave you—I shall soon go to sleep."

"You will go where Oswald is. Tell him that I await—constantly hoping to come to him—soon—very soon."

"I hope you will find a pleasant country. I have journeyed through the wilderness. The Lord in His goodness, at last has taken me to the mountain top and shown me a land more beautiful than any we can expect on earth. You will come—we shall all be gathered there—Clair!" The young girl bent low over him. "Not you, precious child, but my own Clair, radiant immortal Clair; and my dear wife!" he paused. "Come for me! I will keep you only a moment—then I shall be—quite ready. —Good-by—I come!"

Then the pale features slowly relaxed into repose; the deep furrows gathered into lines of rest; a smile played around the lips, as though the light of heaven, at the last moment reflected, had left its impress, as the setting sun lights the mountain heights with its last golden glory ere darkness gathers.

A burial at sea is a most impressive occasion. The loneliness of the lone ship on the infinite expanse; the never ceasing splash of waters; the quiet deference of the sailors, the exactness of execution of command, impart a weird aspect to the ceremony.

Mrs. Frieda had taken from the great family chest a suit of dark clothes which grandfather had worn on Sundays and gala days, and with gentle hands dressed him for the last time. Ethel assisting combed back his thin white locks, and arranged a white tie at the throat.

Four sailors came down the stairway silently, and wrapped a canvas around the body, a heavy piece of iron being placed at the feet.

They bore it on deck followed by the family and the band of emigrants.

The sailors placed the body on a plank extending beyond the ship's side, balanced by the mate standing on the other end.

All gathered around in silence. Elder Bigham approached the corse with the intention of officiating.

"No," said the captain, in a stern voice. "From what I have learned, this aged man was not of your belief. He was stranded, by stress of weather, among you. He shall not be compelled to submit now that he is dead."

He then proceeded to read the solemn and sublime ritual of the Episcopal Church. Closing the book he said:

"We can not, O Lord, say dust to dust, but we say: O restless waves receive a restless heart that now finds rest."

He waved his hand; the plank bent down, and with a soft splash of waters, the body was folded in the arms of the deep. They saw a gleam of white through the green waves; no more.

The captain concluded:

"May the goodness of heaven receive the soul of the departed in glory forever, and smile on us all, Father in heaven, amen."

ACROSS THE PLAINS.

The emigrants, under their experienced leader, had made their way as far West as Independence, a beautiful location once selected by the Mormon leaders for the site of their city. On the hill, overlooking the country, in fancy they erected a temple, to which that of Solomon was not to be compared.

Here the weary voyagers stopped to rest, and prepare themselves for the overland journey, which, of itself, was an arduous undertaking, at the time of which we write.

This border town was the point of departure for emigrant trains for California, Oregon, and Utah. Here the adventurers paused and became fully equipped.

Ponderous covered wagons were procured, drawn by oxen or mules; and in companies, for mutual protection against the Indians, they started across what was then known as the American Desert.

Elder Bigham there met a band of brother Saints, who were waiting for him, and had so nearly perfected arrangements that a few days only were required to get everything in readiness. He did not shrink from labor.

He delighted in a pressure of business, which gave him command and control over men. He was in his native element when apparently overwhelmed with cares and duties. It must be said he was efficient and thorough, and provided every precaution against failure.

No train ever left the borders better prepared, with stronger teams of oxen and mules.

To conduct such a colony as he had, by his individual energy golden from northern Europe, to the Zion, was no puny effort, and would be regarded by the leaders and members of the Church as one of the greatest achievements. He would become a leader, and the chair of successor of the prophet loomed through the mists of his fancy.

"Were I in that chair," he would say to himself, "I would have a rule that should be strictly Mormon. The Gentile dogs should believe, or feel the flaming sword of God's wrath. I would arm the Indian tribes and sweep the borders with fire and blood."

Feeling thus ambitious, his colony ought to go into the great city with fitting external surroundings, and stimulated by these sentiments, he secured an outfit as good as money could purchase, and the Mormon brethren, who waited for him, became overseers and captains of the train.

As the train moved out of town, tied to the end of a ponderous wagon was a beautiful little horse, and by his side barked a Scottish shepherd dog.

Frolic and Fide had safely made the journey thus far, and were none the worse. They seemed happy, and pleased, as though fully knowing where they were going and what the future would bring forth, and in truth, they knew quite as much of both as their friends and masters.

To know the future is one of the most insatiable of human desires. Prophets have made world wide names on happy predictions, and the vagrant fortuneteller flourishes because of our discontent with present knowledge.

"Sufficient for the day is the evils thereof," is not an abiding faith with the majority, who seek to know what to-morrow will bring, even if that morrow comes burdened with sorrow.

It arises from hope, polar star of the soul! Hope that lifts us out of the despondency of the hour, and charms us with the illusions of better days in store. They may never come, probably will not, yet the illusion gives strength, courage, and makes the present endurable.

It is a wise provision that we can not penetrate the veil which shuts the future from our sight. Were it otherwise, no joy could bloom in the present

hour, for the light of hope would be obscured in the expected tempest.

Well that the band of converts did not know what the fruition of the coming years would be!

They were elated with the prospect of the completion of their journey, and probably many of the peasants would be benefited by the change. They were stolid and not given to sentiment; used to hard treatment, and assuredly could fare no worse.

A few days sufficed to carry the train beyond the utmost confines of civilization. The rude log hut of the pioneer disappeared, and the wide prairie stretched away like the sea, as lonesome and infinite.

The country was like a beautiful park, with here and there groves and belts of trees.

They saw the first herd of buffalo, a thousand or more, feeding on the vast pastures, and at night when they drew up under a grove, beside a clear stream, cold as ice, coming down from the mountains, the magnificence of the scene evoked exclamations of wonder from the most reticent.

The wagons were drawn into position to form a breastwork against surprise by Indians, the animals picketed, and the camp fires lighted. Supper was served in a most primitive fashion, but a keen appetite gave the coarsest food exquisite relish.

As the shades of twilight deepened strange sounds came, borne on the west wind, the neighing of horses and cries of men, and suddenly a band of mounted Indians, men, women, and children, gathered around the wagons.

The men at first flew to their arms, but when the Indians boldly came to the light of the fires, Elder Bigham recognized their leader as a friendly chief, Wausatcha, and called him by name. The recognition was mutual, and the savage was quite demonstrative in his assurances of friendship.

The Indians unloaded their horses, and in a brief time had made themselves comfortable for the night.

It was a strange sight they presented the immigrants. In the center of the group was a blazing fire, around which the athletic warriors and busy squaws gathered. On a pole over their heads two long scalp locks flaunted in the wind, badges of murder, as ribands and stars indicate the same on the breast of the civilized warrior.

The Frieda family were gathered around a fire by themselves, and Elder Bigham having assured himself that his orders were obeyed, came up to the group to give and receive words of encouragement.

"God has certainly been merciful to us, Brother Frieda; we have been blessed indeed."

"Assuredly we have, and I have repeatedly said to those about me, it was a living evidence of the miraculous faith we profess."

"I can not see how any one can doubt, who has been this journey with us. Only one death thus far, among forty-six men, women and children, and that our aged grandfather."

"Indeed, remarkable," interposed Mr. Frieda.

"It would trouble one to get sick on these plains, I should think," said Rollo. "I was opposed to coming, Elder Bigham, and thought we were going into a most uninviting place, but, I must say, I have come to like this kind of life, and the freedom of the country. I would not care if God became a trifle displeased with us and kept us wandering, as he did the Israelites."

"You then are becoming a convert to our faith?" eagerly asked the Elder.

"Do not say that," said Rollo. "That is just why I rather wander in the wilderness than reach the promised land. I do not know what we shall find there, but here is a freedom and beauty I had no idea of before. Everything is boundless, and it does not seem to me now that I shall be content confined in a house again."

"It's just like a picnic any day," said little Angie, her roguish eyes sparkling with delight. "I remember," she continued, "Mr. Rollo, once you rowed out to the harbor bar, with Clair and me. That was a year ago. We carried a basket, and we had a fire on the beach, and you said it was a picnic. And I laughed and asked you why you called it so, and you said it was because you picked me to kiss. You did kiss me, but you did not kiss Clair."

"Hush, darling," said the latter.

"That was nothing, but this is one long picnic, and it is fun."

"I am glad to see you, Miss Ethel, so far recovered from the loss God saw fit to make you suffer," said the Elder, with as much feeling as he could command. "His rod is heavy, but those he chasteneth, he loveth best."

Ethel raised her eyes from the smoldering fire into which she had been intently gazing. Her face was expressionless, either of sorrow or gladness, only revealing passive resignation.

"I have been taught from childhood that I was in the hands of God," she replied, "and must yield to His will, but it is at times most cruel."

"The changing scenes and the new life will wear away the keen edge of your grief, and you will be yourself again," cheerfully responded the Elder.

"I have seen little of the scenery, my eyes will not see, nor my mind understand. I have only one thought, I know not what may occur, but now this thought is too holy for me to admit another."

"It was a capital idea, bringing your horse, Miss Ethel," resumed the Elder, determined to divert her thoughts. "Capital idea. He is of great service. You see the mules have to be turned loose at night to feed, and are in constant danger of wandering away, and getting lost, or being driven off by wolves, to say nothing about Indians."

"Now, a mule worships a horse when on the plains. The inferior animal respects the superior, and is guided by it. We have placed a bell on Fide's neck, and where the bell is heard, the mules are sure to be gathered close around. By nine or ten o'clock the drove are brought in near the wagons by the knowing horse, who will not stay longer outside."—*To be Continued.*

ACROSS THE PLAINS.

"I fear he will get lost himself," said Ethel; "or the wolves or Indians may run him off."

"Do not fear that; he is as cunning as a fox, and fleet as a greyhound. There is no Indian horse that can match him."

"Nice squaw!" exclaimed Wausatcha, who, unperceived, had come up to the group, addressing Ethel in admiration.

"You are welcome, Wausatcha," said the Elder. "Has your hunt been successful?"

Wausatcha reached down and gathered a handful of grass. "Buffalo so many," he said, and pointing to the two dangling scalps, "so many."

Coming still closer to Ethel, and with more vehemence, he exclaimed again, "nice squaw."

She drew back trembling with fear from the advances of the savage.

He was tall and athletic, with buckskin leggings, elaborately ornamented, a fur mantle wrapped around his shoulders, and his mien was haughty and commanding, but his features were repulsive under the thick daubings of war paint, which intensified the expression of his deep set black eyes, and the coarseness of his mouth and heavy chin.

"Who own squaw?" he asked.

Elder Bigham pointed to Mr. Frieda, and said: "He is her father."

"Ugh! me buy her!"

His earnestness set all the listeners to laughing, except Ethel. To her it was as a menace, a real danger, and she shrank behind Rollo, appealing to be saved from such a terrible fate. Her mother and Clair endeavored to calm her overwrought mind, with only partial success.

"Go away, Wausatcha, for to-night," said the Elder gently to the chief, not wishing him to cause more alarm. "The squaw is not for sale."

The journey was enlivened by a succession of adventures, and changes of scenery, from plains to mountains, and from mountains to plains, until at last in the noon of an Indian Summer day from the mountain summit the valley of the great Salt Lake appeared in all its beauty.

They were a long day's journey away yet, but they heard martial music floating up from the valley, echoing and re-echoing from peak to peak and crag to crag, and presently they were met by several wagons, loaded with provisions, the front one containing a band playing welcome music.

The authorities hearing of the near approach of the train, had sent forward these needed supplies, and showed their interest in the converts by welcoming them to their new home.

It was indeed grateful, after their toilsome march, through the solitude of plains and forbidding mountain passes, to be met with cordial hospitality, and the converts who had wavered in their faith or doubted, reproved themselves for want of confidence.

A loud and joyous shout went up from the train, which made the mountains ring with acclamation.

The journey which had seemed un-

ending had been completed; the Eden of their search had been found.

Those who came in charge of the supplies, shook hands with the immigrants from the least to the greatest, and called them brothers and sisters and bade them welcome with fervency. How their hearts thrilled with this kind recognition which assured them that the leader had not over stated or misrepresented the country to them.

The teams rapidly descended into the plain, and in a short time thereafter Elder Bigham exclaimed:

"Look and behold the sacred city!"

A mile or more from there low brown dwellings extended on either hand, in a scattering manner, and in the center a large white building perfectly plain occupied a commanding position.

That was the temple, the Mecca of their pilgrimage.

Exceedingly disappointing! no towers or steeples, no public buildings except this one. Where were the palaces, the splendid residences?

Yet the city was beautifully located on a slope, formed by an elbow of the mountain, and the scenery around it of mountain and plain formed wonderful contrasts.

The clear, ice-cold water from the mountains, brought in canals, and flowed down the principal streets along the gutters, over pebbly channels, and at the crossings were plank bridges for footmen.

It was warm in the city, but the mountain summits were whitened with snow, creeping lower into the valley with each night's storm.

Above all these aspiring heights the "twin peaks" arose in dazzling whiteness, glittering with diamond lustre.

A weird, strange world is Deseret, but the immigrants were not in a mood to appreciate beyond what applied to their immediate wants. A marble hall set with the most precious stones would not have as much beauty to a starving man as a roll of bread.

They came not after the beautiful, but for homes; and more than aught else they wanted rest.

The train rolled along the principal street, women came to the doors of the strange, low houses, and children clothed in nothing but dirt stared from the open windows, or around the house corners.

The Elder halted the wagon containing the Frieda family and its household goods in front of a vacant house.

It was a low, one-story building made of adobe, with hard packed clay for floor. The front door was of wood, unpainted, and on account of broken hinges, difficult to close. Around the other dwellings were green banks and beds of vigorous flowers, but around this was only a dry dust bed, for there had been no one to bestow the indispensable water.

Elder Bigham was more than usually enthusiastic. He rubbed his hands as he said:

"The Lord God surely has been with us and blessed us. He has brought us safely through. Brother Frieda, you will be provided for, meantime you will accept this building for your residence."

The family alighted and walked through the dirty yard to the open door.

The building was divided through the middle into two rooms; the doorless space in the wall made the communicating passageway.

There was not a word said by the family in their bitter disappointment. Mr. Frieda, as he walked out of the door, looked up and down the walls of his new home, and said:

"The whole house is made of mud."

HOME IN UTAH.

The phenomenon of the growth of a religious sect, under our very eyes, in this enlightened century, and that, too, of a sect depending on ignorance for its converts, is an anomaly, an incongruity in the midst of our civilization.

An ignorant youth pretends that he is informed by an angel where certain golden plates were concealed, on which in hieroglyphical characters was written the gospel of Mormon.

He found the tablets, he was inspired to translate them, and then the angel took them away.

That such a tale could be believed seems impossible, but when the work itself is taken into consideration it seems a thousand fold more incredible. It is a weak and slavish imitation of the Old Testament, even copying the doubtful phraseology of King James' version, and repeating them with puerile and nauseating frequency. Into it is transferred portions of the modern orthodox creeds and thus we learn that the present "plan of salvation" was understood by the wandering tribes before these wandering tribes were separated from the Dervish stock.

Christ reappears on the Western Continent among the lost sheep of the house of Israel, or the Indian tribes. Darkness, earthquakes, and ruin of cities precede his coming. He performs astonishing miracles, and gathers a band of disciples around him; in short, apes the Jesus Christ of the New Testament, of which the Book of Mormon is a silly paraphrase.

The Mormon church was organized in 1830 in Fayette, New York. In 1831 in Kirtland, O., and Jackson, Mo.

These churches became prosperous, but were in every case subject to mob-violence, and were obliged to concentrate their efforts, and selected in 1837 a site on the east bank of the Mississippi, where they began building the city of Nauvoo.

The mob-spirit would not even allow them to rest there. The rough elements of the border were engaged and their violence was mainly directed against the Prophet Joseph Smith. He was brutally murdered while confined in jail.

The persecution intensified the zeal of the new converts rather than destroyed the cause, and driving them into a territory where they have increased in numbers with astonishing rapidity until they have become a perplexing problem of our national life, presenting the strange anomaly of a fragment of semi-civilization sandwiched into our own free government, and claim-

ing from it recognition and protection.

In 1846, Brigham Young became the head of the Church. He was a strong energetic man, a born leader, who in a better cause would have made a worthy mark.

He gathered twelve apostles around him, organized the emigration of several thousand souls, and began the westward march into the wilderness.

They knew not where they were going, but their intention was to go beyond the jurisdiction of the United States into Mexico.

After a year's wandering and great suffering, they reached the Salt Lake valley and at once decided to make it their home. Henceforth it was to be called Zion, and here all the world would come on pilgrimages.

They at once began the fulfillment of the command to preach the gospel in other lands and at present at least one hundred missionaries are engaged in foreign countries and the annual influx of converts into Utah is said to exceed 5,000.

To the zealots who had fought their way from the beautiful hills of Kirtland through the terrible scenes of mob violence at Nauvoo, and had borne the hardships of the wilderness, and the plain, a quiet home where they could rest, even if that home was a mud cabin, was a luxury. There they were in safety; no brutal mob could reach them from the border; no one revile their sacred belief. Their homes however rude were their own, and they were satisfied if their physical wants and religious fervency were answered.

Enjoyment is much more comparative than we deem. If we are crushed by poverty; confined to a single meal a day, and that a crust; obliged to sleep on straw covered with rags, a homeless wanderer, a simple meal of bread and meat, a bed with clean covering, a house of our own, though of roughest construction, will go far to make the elements of paradise.

To those who followed after, who had not had this rough experience; who had left homes of opulence, the holy city of the Latter Day Saints was wretched, and no religious zeal could tide over their disappointment.

Mr. Frieda had expected to find a mansion prepared for him, and at once to become proprietor of a baronial estate. He was standing before a cabin not good enough for a peasant, and yet this cabin was as good as the others, which made up the city, and was rather larger than the majority.

As the family stood before it, chagrined and disappointed, they were joined by a tall lank individual, who came out of a cabin near by, and a stout woman, with too much flesh for beauty or comfort, yet energetic and practical.

The man was not only lank in body, but in hair, and features. His face sallow, his cheeks sunken, his eyes jet black, inquisitive and self-reliant, his nose prominent, arched, and thin as though designed to cut its way through the world.

"Good morning, friend," said he, shaking hands, cordially. "My best

welcome to you; I suppose you are the Friedas of whom I have heard. My name is Hial Scragton, I came from the State of Maine, and I wish, by Jerushy, I had never left that dear old State."

"Good morning to you!" emphatically, replied Mr. Frieda. "We are in need of a friendly hand and a kindly heart just now."

"Wall you are, neighbor, and as the Saints have not come to you, I thought I would."

"Are you not a Saint?"

"A Saint? Bless you! Do I look like one? If I do, lend me a gun and I'll get away out into some deep gulch and shoot myself! I am here to seek my fortune, but thus far it's been a pretty hard one, and no mistake. No, I am not; but here is one. This is Sister Nubbin, Mr. Frieda, Mrs. and all the other Friedas."

"I am glad to see you, for you bring something from the Gentiles I love," said Mrs. Nubbin.

"There must be a mistake. They could not have intended that I should take this hovel for a home."

"Why not?" asked Hial. "It's as good as there is in this celestial city, and better than the most of them. You will not be proud on the one hand, or will your neighbors be envious of you on the other."

"The prophet," said Mrs. Nubbin, as she gave her cap a shake, "enjoined humility on us. We must be humble. Jesus didn't have as good a house as that; he didn't have any. Think of the poor Saints who first came here when it was only a grassy hillside. They were sick and weary, and their wagons were their houses until they could, with their own hands, fashion a dwelling. The heat and cold, rain and snow, were endured, sickness and death bravely met, and starvation stared them in the face before they raised their first crop. They went out and dug sage roots, contesting with the Digger Indians, to preserve life. And they tell me the first year the crickets came in innumerable swarms, threatening to destroy all the crops, when equal multitudes of sea gulls came and devoured the crickets. All this should teach us obedience. This house is better than the one I live in, Elder Nubbin's. I should have once thought it small for husband and me, but Hial knows the Elder has been successful in dealing, and there are three wives of us in that house with our three families of children."

Mrs. Frieda looked at the speaker in amazement, which, as the words became more fully understood, gave place to horror.

"Three wives? and three families?"

"Ah, my dear, you speak as though you were surprised! Three wives are not many for a good Saint; the best of 'em have ten or twenty,—the more the better. Elder Haight has seven, and Elder Bigham, though I never understood why, has only four."

Mrs. Frieda scarcely comprehended the meaning of the utterance, for the possibility of a man having more than one wife was new to her, and contrary to nature.

It was as though an abyss had opened at her feet.

"Do not trouble yourself, dear wife, about this matter," said Mr. Frieda; "it is exceptional, quite exceptional. We will be thankful if you will help us, Mr. Scragton, remove our goods from the wagon, though there is surely danger of the mud walls of our house being washed away by the first rain."

"Do not fear," responded Hial, consolingly. "There isn't rain enough in a year, in this climate, to wet its walls."

"What mean you?"

"That it is pretty dry out here. Rain is the exception, and a mud wall is just as good as hard brick. When it gets July and August the sun will burn your mud wall for you."

"And there's the gain," interjected Mrs. Nubbin. "God made man out of dust, and we make our houses out of dust, and when the wind blows the air is dust. It's quite proper for a clay man to live in a clay house. Now don't let's stand palavering, but just take hold and set things to rights. I'll just run home and bring a broom and dust out."

She returned and sent a cloud of dust flying out of the door. She worked with a will—her broom and tongue in unison.

"Good enough for one family if your man holds to his mind, which he won't; none of 'em ever did. I know, for I've tried 'em."

"They keep one mind as well as the women, don't they?" asked Hial, standing in the door. "Quite as well, I take it. You had a good husband, didn't you, and when you joined the Saints didn't you leave him? It was all right, Mrs. Nubbin, only I want you just. Now he didn't leave you; he loved you, and added to you. He made three of you. If he can love one Mrs. Nubbin can't he love three of them, or four, as for that matter?"

The woman grew angry at this banter, and when it closed, she looked up with face aflame.

"Shame on you, Hial, to utter such accursed nonsense. It is enough that I hear it from the Elders. It is a lie, Hial, a lie, and you know it; no man can love three women as well as one."

"What does this mean, husband?" wildly asked Mrs. Frieda.

"It is quite meaningless. You had better go into the house now, and order the arrangement, as we unload the wagon."

She did not understand this new phase of life. The very name of "Saint" had conveyed to her mind an idea of purity, and her pure mind could not comprehend how the sacred union of two hearts could be defiled by the entrance of another; how love could be made the fair mantle of selfishness and passion.

Still less did she comprehend how religion, the stay of the living and hope of the dying, could be made subservient to the lowest desires which actuate the heart of man.

Clair and Ethel went into the house, followed by their mother and Angie.

Mr. Frieda, assisted by Hial, Oscar

and Rollo, soon transferred the goods to the house, where they were arranged somewhat after the fashion of the old home.

"It is not a pretty place," said Angie, "I wish I were home."

"This is home, darling," said Ethel, softly, "home for a while. I am sorry for you, pet. We all want to go home."

"Why don't we go?"

"It would not be best. It is a long way. We are not ready. When God is ready we shall all go home."

"The walls are black with dirt; my pictures will not appear in place on such a background," said Clair.

"Dirt!" cried Mrs. Nubbin; "dirt never killed any one yet. Dirt is healthy. It gives good digestion. You must eat so much, and you can't help it. On the days I cook, if Nubbin complains of grit in the cookery, I tell him it is what he wants to sharpen him. When a man begins to find fault with me I don't encourage him."

"If you are afraid of dirt this is not the country to come to by a darnation sight," said Hial; "the country is dirty and the people are dirty. Oh, no, Mrs. Frieda, don't be afraid of dirt."

Amidst all the rubbish morning glories had sprung up from seeds planted by some former owner, and ran up the sides of the window and formed a matted arch over it.

Its dark green contrasted well with the black background, and it recalled visions of olden times.

Of all rare flowers none excel in loveliness its delicate chalice-like blossoms.

This window faced the south, and within Mrs. Frieda arranged a little table, covered with a white cloth, and placed her Bible and a few choice books thereon, and on the jamb of the window so the full light might shine on its fair beauty, the miniature portrait of her Edda, her dear child, older than Angie, who died when in his sixth year.

Removed as she was to a strange land, and feeling how mortals are subject to change, her mother's heart was more closely bound to the departed, who through the greatest of all changes had become an immortal, whom no change could reach.

Edda in heaven, as she hung his picture above her table, seemed nearer to her than any of her children about her.

After she had arranged this table, she looked out of the window toward the south far away over the plains, and homesick and weary-hearted, she sank on her knees before the shrine she had prepared, and breathed a prayer for help in this hour of her affliction.

Her prayer was answered. Whether God heard and sent his ministering angels or whether they heard direct, the angels came, and into her soul poured strength and hope and faith, and she arose strong and with a profound sense of a superior power just outside and over her.

The supper was spread, not a varied display, and Mrs. Nubbin and Hial were guests, at this first repast partaken of by the family in their new home.

The steaming pot of tea was the special delight of Mrs. Nubbin.

"What tea!" she exclaimed, extending her nostrils to catch the aroma. "Not since I left the States have I smelt tea like that."

"We brought it with us," replied Mrs. Frieda, "and it has done good service on ship-board, when we have lost appetite, and on the plains."

"I should think so! I'd rather have a cup of such tea, than the best dinner ever spread. It is meat and drink. If you are restless, it will put you to sleep, if you are tired it will rest you, if you are sleepy it will keep you awake. A cup of good tea is the best thing in the world next to religion."

"There's one thing it won't do, Nubbin," said Hial.

She frowned at this contraction of her name.

"You are right, Hial, in contracting my name. I am a nubin. The Elder is the stalk, and his three wives are, nubins, not full grown ears. You are not right about tea. What will it not cure?"

"It will not cure the ague."

"The ague!" said Mr. Frieda. "Do you have the ague here?"

"Oh, no! I never saw a place yet where the people had it."

"In Illinois I've seen villages where the folks looked like jaundiced scarecrows, but they told me their places were the healthiest in the State, ague unknown."

"No, but by Jerushy, I brought it in with me, I guess, and it near 'bouts shook my bones out of my body. What the ague left of me the doctors nearly got. What with quinine and calomel, emetics and cathartics, blood-letting and blistering, after they brought me down to a pass where there was not enough left of me to shake, they let up on me, and I began to mend."

"But at that time, when the doctors had throttled the ague, they so nearly finished me, my own mother would not have known me."

"It is too bad, Hial, to frighten the folks. The ague is not much; you have chills, a dreadful headache, a scorching fever, and a terrible sweat, but you feel better next day, and if you are strong enough you can wear it out. If you do that you'll never have it again."

"You spoke of your being one of three wives," hesitatingly said Mrs. Frieda. "Do you really mean that a man may lawfully have that many wives?"

"Certainly I do, most emphatically; and the men are commanded to take more than one to increase their saintly qualities. I don't suppose the men want so many wives, more than the women like it, of course they don't, but it is a part of their religion. They must."

"This is terrible! I was not informed of this fearful custom, or I never should have come."

"What is it to us, my dear wife," affectionately, said her husband, "we have been all in all to each other too long to acquiesce in such customs now."

"I fear not," she said, covering her face with her hands, as though to shut out some frightful vision.

"It will all come along in its time, and you'll get used to it," consolingly

said Mrs. Nubbin. "Just like pulling teeth, and other things we shrink from when coming, and then accept. I was the last wife of Nubbin, and I knew of the two first. I made up my mind from the start that I should be boss, and I am."

"When I tell wife number 1, or wife number 2, to step, they go, and I accept no back talk from them or their children."

"Is your family happy?" asked Rollo.

"Well, I can say yes, and not lie. You see I *won't* have any quarreling. If that is to be done, I intend to do it myself."

"I would not be troubled, mother," said Clair. "Our family will be all in all to each other, and if the people around us are bad, we will remain closer to each other."

"God grant that this may be so," fervently exclaimed the mother.

"Hurry up, mother, hurry up!" cried three voices at the door.

Three children, seemingly of the same age, tow-locked and dirty-faced, with stray garments, unwashed and worn, appeared.

"They are my children," exclaimed Mrs. Nubbin. "What do you want, dearies?"

"Come home! Father said he'd finish once and for all the everlasting quarreling, and he is strapping both the other two women, and they are making it hot for him. He wants you to come this minute."

"Yes, we are happy, but it needs a strong hand to preserve happiness. You'll excuse me, my friends; from former experience, I suppose my presence is urgently needed."

"There's one of the delights of a dozen mistresses all in the same house," quietly remarked Hial. "So you did not know of this beauty spot? You'll find out enough about it. It is the upas poison of domestic life, family peace, and the gateway leading down to hell."

Ethel, who had sat as one lost in reflection, looked up earnestly to Rollo, and Clair, who was sitting near, plaintively said:

"You will not stay in this land! You will go away! You might, forgive me, dear Rollo, you might become like these people, and break Clair's heart."

"When the time arrives, we promise, dear sister," they replied.

The shades of evening were falling when Elder Bigham returned.

"I thought as I was passing, I would call and see how you were getting along. Finely, I see, finely; nicely fixed, and neat and comfortable. 'Pon my soul I am glad of it."

"We are temporarily comfortable," replied Mr. Frieda; "but you know this is not such a house as I expected, and I confess I am disappointed."

"Oh, I know how you feel, exactly; but, dear brother and sister, remember that the Church has received an unexpected influx of converts to be provided for. It has done all it could. When the Spring opens, we will go out on the plains, and you can select your farm, and the Church will see to it that just such a house as I promised shall be build on the site you select. So try to

bear the cross as well as you can for the present, knowing that the future will be glorious."

"I will, under this assurance. You have been very kind to us, and we ought not to complain."

"It's nothing, nothing: we should be brothers and sisters to each other. I hoped to see you more cheerful, sister Ethel. You do wrong to rebel against God, by nursing your grief. Let the past bury its dead. We live in and for the present. Why not enjoy it?"

Why not? To be happy, seemed to her a sin, and wrong that the sun shone brightly in the heavens when hearts were so sad.

She averted her face, speaking no word expressing her intense aversion.

"Good night," said the Elder, "glad to find you so comfortable. It is a good thing to know how to make use of the blessings God has given us. See you to-morrow—good night."

MR. FRIEDA SEEKS A SECOND WIFE.

As the Winter wore on Elder Bigham became more and more intimate with the Frieda family, visiting them frequently, and inviting Mr. Frieda to long drives and visits to his different establishments. The latter had become as infatuated with the Elder as he was with his religion.

The Elder gave form and direction to his thoughts, and adroitly controlled him. They were walking along the street leading to the city residence of the Elder one evening, arm in arm, when the latter said:

"Brother Frieda, I am proud of my trip to your country. If I had gathered in only you I should feel a thousand fold repaid. You are raised up a pillar to the Church, a son of God indeed, and as my son in this matter of conversion, I am proud of you."

"You flatter, brother Bigham, but I hope to be all that you desire. Certainly the welfare of the Church is first in my heart, and I would willingly make any sacrifice, even of life, for her sake."

"That is the ring of the true metal. When the battle of Gog and Magog comes, and the Gentiles come down on us, you will not be found wanting."

"I hope not. I would shed my blood willingly if the holy cause were assailed."

"Say, brother, you have passed through the endowment house. You have learned our profound secrets, and the principles of our faith."

"Grand and beautiful have I found them."

"Their perfection will grow on you with time. I see new beauties in them every day. I study them in the lone hours of the night. The book of Mormon is the most perfect composition ever composed in any language of the world. It is sublime in its diction. It carries conviction by its internal evidence of its divine origin. There is one thing I feel like correcting in you. I shrink from it but *duty* impels me."

Duty, the cloak which covers meanness and depravity!

"What is my sin? tell me and I will

cut it off; even though it be my right arm."

"Oh, it is not so bad as that!" laughingly said the Elder. "It is a sin of omission. You may be ever so zealous, but you know if you do not conform to our holy institution of having more than one wife sealed to you, you will lose caste and be suspected of not having full faith in our principles."

"I know, I know, but what am I to do! My present wife objects; more, when I mention the subject, she becomes frantic and upbraids me. Before the altar I called God to witness my vows that I would be true to her, and her alone. I can not break that oath."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the Elder. "And is that all? Have you been a member of the Church so long, and yet not know that a vow made when you were a Gentile has no force now you are converted? You are regenerated; you are not the same man; you give allegiance now to the Church, and the Church says through her prophet, to take wives, all you desire, and build up the nation of the Saints."

"That removes a burden from my mind. I did not think it right to break my vow. If that vow ceased when I became a convert, then I am free. It will be a long time, however, before I find one who will accept a second place to my present wife."

"Not if you will be guided by me. You know my daughter, Leigh; she is my eldest by my first wife, who is dead."

"Quite well; and she is beautiful too. You might well wish all your daughters as accomplished as she."

"She has had the best advantages, is versed in music and French, and for all a good, kind, obedient daughter. What say you, brother? You may have her."

"Have her!"

"Why not? She is the best there is. If I say so, she'll accept you, and I will say so on one condition."

"Name it!"

"That you allow me to have your daughter Ethel."

"Ethel! Ah, my brother, I can not control her. She will not obey. She has not been reared in the school that your daughter has been, sorry to say."

"I do not ask you to compel her. If you can induce her to go to the Endowment House, I will acquit you of further trouble. It will be a grand thing. We want to shake hands over it. You shall have my daughter, I yours. We will become doubly related; knit together by firm bonds, and the Church will gain a solid support which none can doubt."

By this time they had reached the door of the Elder's house, and passed in.

The room was lighted by a lamp, which shed a soft radiance over its walls and the simple furniture. A piano was at one side, and a young lady sat listlessly striking its keys.

As they entered she turned on the stool, and the light fell full on her face.

She was beautiful. The Elder had not exaggerated.

The warm blood of the south of France, inherited from her mother,

glowed in her cheeks; her eyes were soft and liquid, though jetty black, and her dark hair was wound round her head in a luxuriant braid.

"Good evening, father; good evening, brother Frieda; you are late in calling, but welcome all the same."

She was enchanting, and he began to compare her with his wife. They were too opposite to compare, yet he did not know that.

His wife became tame, commonplace, to this fascinating woman. How could he have remained blind for twenty-five years, and regarded her as the perfection of woman?

Love is a strange delusion. In any other direction, if a man manufactured half the infatuations, he would be regarded as insane.

As he conversed with Miss Leigh, Mrs. Frieda floated further and further away, became less and less, until nothing remained of her but a memory which conscience, on occasions, used to sting him with a sense of possible wrong.

She sang, accompanying her voice with her piano, and he, not being used to sweet music, was delighted beyond measure. Her voice, sweetened and rounded by the tones of the instrument; her words, her manners, were to him divine.

He was in no mood for broaching the important subject which engaged his thoughts. He repeatedly resolved to begin, but his tongue refused.

Elder Bigham was equal to the occasion; with a smile he said:

"Daughter Leigh, I have often told you that I would find you a good husband. I have done so. You have always been dutiful, and will be so now, for you know that I always seek your best interests. Brother Frieda is every way worthy of you, and you are of him."

"What! Father, do you mean to give me to brother Frieda?"

"Certainly. Why not? It is obedience to the will of God and a part of our religion."

"I can not answer why not, only I am not ready to be married, and sister Frieda, I know and love, and it will be heartless to take her place. Beside, there is Ethel, and Clair. They are like true sisters. I know no reason against the Church command, but it does not seem right to me."

"Bosh," sneered the Elder. "What, has it come to this, that a girl of your age sets up her desires against the wisdom of the Church!"

"You love sister Frieda, good. Then you can love her better as her nearest connection."

"You love Clair and Ethel, good also. You can be as a mother to them."

"Do you think of gaining a better place? You wish to gain the first love of some young man! What if you should. He would soon have other wives. Here you have certainly a happy connection."

"The Church commands brother Frieda to this step."

"He will not take any more wives, and you will be sure of permanency in this relation."

"Do you command me, father?" she tremblingly asked.

"I certainly command you."

"Then I obey."

THE ENDOWMENT HOUSE.

Spring had come, with her fair promises of a fruitful year, and her breath was soft and balmy, fragrant with the perfume of flowers.

Elder Bigham had not made sensible progress in his attentions to Ethel. Her aversion increased rather than diminished, and his presence to her sensitive nature was like that of a loathsome reptile.

Attraction and repulsion between individuals are governed by most subtle laws, and the human heart often trembles under the pressure of unseen and unsuspected influences, as the needle fluctuates to hidden currents.

What had this man done that she so detested him?

Apparently he was kind, good and deserving. He expressed himself as deeply interested in the welfare of the Frieda family, and had been attentive in visiting and making them feel at home in the strange country of their adoption.

He had failed to keep the promises he made in regard to the spacious residence, yet that was readily referable to the unexpected influx of converts, and soon these promises would be more than fulfilled.

There was nothing tangible that could be expressed by words, and yet there was everything—a profound abyss between the Elder and Ethel.

The Frieda family had finished breakfast and were on the point of rising, when Mr. Frieda said, in a cheery tone:

"To-day mother has consented to go to the Endowment House and become a member of the Church. I am happy that she has at last overcome her worldly desires and prejudices, and will now go on with me in the path leading to righteousness."

"I must tell you, husband," replied the wife, "that it is not from my own free will and consent. I go because you wish it."

"We have always in life traveled the same path. Whatever has been pleasant for you has been for me. We have had like hopes, expectations and purposes. We have bowed before the same religious shrine for twenty-five years. I can not, now that we are descending the downward slope of life, have it otherwise."

"I know so little of this new religion I can not judge. I am shocked and terrified by many things I have seen, but perhaps when I fully understand I shall think it as glorious as you now do. I will trust in you."

Mr. Frieda was strongly affected by this speech. It smote his conscience, and he felt that he was perpetrating a wrong on his trusting, pure and gentle wife. He had begun, and how could he recede? He must go on, if the path led to a precipice jutting its craggy sides over perdition.

"And you my dear daughter Ethel, will surely now consent to go to the

Consecrated House, and seal yourself to the Church with your mother."

Ethel aroused from her dreamy apathy, turned to her father with a look of intense distress and in an appealing voice replied:

"Oh father do not, do not I beseech you, urge me. I am content as I am. I belong to a Church in our dear old village. On the same day, Oswald and I, little children, were received into its fold, and we bowed together at its altar in prayer. We sang its hymns of praise together, and we hoped to have been pronounced before this altar by the dear white haired minister—Oh God how can I thus speak? Oh no I can not. Father, I above all things, wish to please you—but do not urge."

"Well, well," said Mr. Frieda with ill-concealed displeasure, "you may postpone, but I can not allow you to deprive yourself of eternal salvation. I'll leave you for a short time to reflect while I go and ascertain if all is in readiness when I will return for mother, and I hope you will have overcome your feelings and decide to follow her example."

He went out, and the mother and her daughters were left alone.

"Father insists so constantly on my joining the Church, that I have consented to please him. It was a sad day when we left our old home. He has changed so much; he is no longer tender and affectionate, but hard and unyielding. The new religion has infatuated him, and he will do everything and anything for its extension."

"You are home-sick mother," said Clair, "and miss the kind and loving friends we left, but when we get our new home arranged, and better acquainted with these people you will enjoy more than even in those past days."

Our poets have said that affection is a plant which must be sown in the soil wherein it is to grow. It can not be transplanted, no care can make it grow again, even in the place from which it was plucked. Love is a still more tender blossom, and withers in the breast of suspicion. You can not give a reason, but you feel it slipping from you, and oh the pain, the bitterness of knowing—the darkness and uncertainty.

"Do not weep, dear mother," said Ethel. "To weep is mine, you have been my comforter, now I will be yours. If father has found the Church as enticing as he says, it will not harm you, and it is best you go with him."

"I know, I know, but if in my weakness I do wrong, may God forgive," she sobbed.

Mr. Frieda as he hastened on his errand, met Elder Bigham, his face radiant with smiles.

"Well, brother Frieda," he said, "all is ready, you can bring the mother and the daughter, especially the daughter, you know, as soon as may be."

"Ah, good brother Bigham, I am overwhelmed with disappointment. She refuses to join the Church. I have pressed her continually with argument and persuasion; she is steadfast in her refusal."

"That must be attended to at once, we can not waste time."

Had Mr. Frieda looked into his face, as he muttered this sentence, he would have seen, beneath the oily smile the awakening passions of the demon.

He did not look, and the Elder recovering quickly, with a laugh, continued: "We will visit her, and I will persuade and you command."

"It will be unavailing, on the whole, you had better not go; she hates you, and would refuse on that account if no other."

"That is just it, just it," replied the Elder. "You promised her to me for a wife. How are you to keep your promise? She never will consent. I have let you off with the simple promise that you persuade her to go to the Endowment House; now you fail me in that! Oh, no, you must not. She must go. I have not given my daughter to you, yet, and if this fail I shall not."

"You would not marry her if she hates you?" asked Mr. Frieda, in surprise.

"That is of the least consideration. When once married, I shall have opportunity to cultivate her affection. She will know me better, and her hate will turn to love. I have seen too many instances of the like to fear. God would never have commanded this ordinance, making it obligatory on us to have several wives, if not for the best, and man was not given the power to win the love of his wives."

Mr. Frieda was not a bad man at heart. He had become a religious zealot, and as such, was rapidly becoming a very bad man. He was entering on a career in the name of religion, which would burn and blast his moral nature and destroy the happiness of all associated with him.

There was no one to stay the current of his thoughts, to warn him of his danger. There was one constantly urging him on by all the motives his cunning could invent, or fiendish ingenuity devise.

His inclinations had been none too strong to be controlled by education, and the customs of the community in which he lived. These inclinations were now, instead of being controlled and held in obedience to high motives, stimulated by the religion he professed, and although not known to him, was professed for the purpose of excusing these same inclinations.

We never are so utterly self-deceived as we are in regard to the motives which actuate us. Mr. Frieda would have himself believe that he was making sacrifices for his religion, when in truth his religion was an excuse and a cloak for his passions.

The coarse view of the sacred relation of husband and wife, expressed by the Elder, in the light of his inclinations, aflame with his professed religion, were plausible, and with their plausibility was joined the threatened loss of Leigh, and his advancement in the grace of the Church.

"We will return together if you desire," he said. "Your experience enables you to understand people better than I."

Walking rapidly, they soon reached their destination.

"They are waiting for you, mother," he began; "Elder Bigham is rejoiced that you are to become a sister in the Church of the Saints. I met him, and he was so delighted with the occasion that he came with me to escort you to the Endowment House."

"Thank God! dear sister," exclaimed the Elder, with fervency. "Thank God you are to join us, and make sure your inheritance of life everlasting. I have hoped to see this day. Your hesitancy was natural, but I have found those who at first shrank from giving us in the full faith, when once engaged, when once they saw the glory of our faith, become, not unfrequently, most ardent, and you will be no exception."

"I pray that I may not offer offense in the sight of God, and that I shall find your faith all you claim for it," meekly replied Mrs. Frieda.

"I suppose, Miss Frieda, you have felt the rod of affliction so keenly, that your thoughts are drawn to religion, and that naturally inclines you to follow the example of your mother," blandly spoke the Elder.

"I am not intending to follow the example of my mother in this. I can see no reason for my doing so," she replied.

"I think, sister Frieda, you should, as an act of duty, advise your daughter to accompany you. You will need her support when you fully understand our religion; it will comfort both of you to converse on the subject. I pray you speak to her."

"Yes, dear wife, you have influence, and you know it is best. No one can be saved outside of the Church. If she does not join, she is lost. Her destruction will rest on your head. Now is the appointed time."

"My dear husband, I join the Saints to please you, and I will advise this to please you. It assuredly would afford me great comfort to have Ethel with me if she desired to go."

"Do you wish it mother? Shall I be of service to you?"

"I know not what the services are, nor the ordeal through which I am to pass, or the principles of the religion to which I am to be subscribed; I am nervous with dread, and of course I wish for some friend to accompany me."

"Enough, dear mother," said the affectionate girl; "I will go. The worst I can meet is death, and that would be a joy."

A smile concealed the leer on the face of the Elder.

Frieda was elated with the success of their plans, and grasping the hand of the Elder, called him his best friend and dearest brother.

They went out of the wretched hovel, over the dusty path to the Endowment House. It was a plain, two-story structure, built of adobe, the windows carefully guarded with strong blinds.

It looked like a prison, or a tomb, and really it was both to those who entered, for it bound them with chains stronger than iron, and therein freedom, honor, humanity were buried, never to be resurrected.

They first entered a smaller building, in which was a font where a priest in his robes of office stood ready to give them the initial baptism. This is preparatory to entering the House of the Lord.

After this ceremony Elder Bigham proceeded to lecture them on the momentous consequences of the great event.

"You are about to enter the most holy sanctuary of the Most High. There has never been anything like it since the temple of Solomon contained the holy sanctuary. You must pay strict attention, and remember the promises and oaths required of you."

The three novitiates were unable to respond to his declamatory speech, being overwhelmed by the novel surroundings, and he conducted them to the door of the Endowment House.

Here he gave three raps.

"Who comes!" demanded a hoarse voice from within.

"A friend, bringing three sinners, snatched as brands from the burning, whom he wishes to save," replied the Elder.

"Give the sign and the pass-word."

The Elder inserted his hand through an opening in the door, withdrew it, and then placing his mouth to the same opening, whispered a word.

"Correct. You may enter the gate, but those you bring must remember what they see and hear and also that if they reveal one syllable to the Gentile world, they can find no place wherein to hide from the wrath of God, for they shall have their tongues cut up by the root, their eyes plucked out, their body quartered, burned and the ashes cast into the sea."

The initiates were half paralyzed by this awful imprecation, and tremblingly entered the vestibule. Here they were separated, and Ethel found herself in a room where strangely dressed women officiating as priestesses came forward and began to disrobe her.

"You must lay aside the garments of the world," said the first. "These represent the flesh, which is of the devil."

"They can not go into the holy place with their corruption. Have you prepared yourself with fasting and prayer?"

Overwhelmed with conflicting emotions, Ethel passively yielded, not even responding to the questions.

"Poor thing!" said one of the assistants, "she has in her zeal fasted and prayed until quite overcome."

"It is all the more to her glory," responded another, whose zeal was more ardent. "You are only half regenerated, and it would be better if you fasted more."

Meantime they proceeded to bathe the novitiate in a manner which would do credit to a Turkish bath, and having finished, an attendant brought some green oil in a large cow's horn, poured some of it into the hands of the priestess, who proceeded to anoint the girl from head to foot, constantly repeating a formula like an incantation.

"As I anoint your head that you may understand the truths and the wisdom of God; your eyes that at all

times you may see the glories of the kingdom; your ears that you may listen to the voice of God as spoken through your husband; your mouth that you may at all times speak the truth; your arms that you may be strong in defense of the Gospel, and ready to bear children to fight against the Gentiles; your bosoms that they may nourish children like the hosts borne to Abraham of old; and your feet that they may be swift to do the pleasure of your husband and in the ways of righteousness."

After she had finished, a third priestess, dressed in a black robe, stepped down from a sort of dais, and whispered:

"Now you are washed clean from the impurities of life, a new name shall be yours. You will be known among the Saints as Mary. You must answer to it, but you must never repeat it, nor reveal it to anyone."

By this time the first attendant had prepared the garment of initiation.

It was somewhat like the new hygienic garment called a chemisette, setting loosely, and high in the neck. On the right bosom was a square, on the left a compass, and one of the knees had a large hole, as a sign of long kneeling in prayer.

Thus habilitated, she was ready to enter the inner gate.

A messenger came to the door, dressed in a short black tunic, a grim and ugly messenger, holding an ax on a long handle to his shoulder.

"Have you prepared the offering?" he asked.

"She is prepared," the priestess replied.

"Then enter!" he said in a harsh voice; "enter, but remember the world is left behind you at this gate. Passing here, if ever you whisper one word of what you learn, it will be my mission and pleasure to cleave your vile body asunder."

They paused in a sort of corridor and listened to a conversation carried on between Elohim (chief God) and Jehovah.

Elohim: "Well, Jehovah, I think we will create an earth; let Michael go down and collect all the elements together and form one."

Jehovah: "Very well, O Lord God, it shall be done."

Elohim: "Michael, giant angel of creation, go, collect material, form an earth, and report."

Michael replied: "Very well, O Lord God," and departs.

After a minute of silence he returns, claiming it is done.

Then the same conversation occurs, and Michael is sent to do the first and second days' work, and so on until he has the world ready for man.

Then Michael reports it fair and beautiful, and Elohim invites Jehovah to accompany him on a tour of inspection, and both agreed that it would be well to create man.

Ethel was then blindfolded.

Elohim said that Jehovah must give him a handful of dust. This he scattered, and from a concealed place a man came into view.

Then they consulted together, put the man to sleep, pretended to extract

a rib, and from another concealed trap a woman came forward.

The bandage was then removed, and Ethel saw the representatives of Adam and Eve standing before her.

On one side of the room was an altar, and on the wall behind this was painted an apple tree, and Jehovah told Adam and Eve that they must by no means eat the apples from this tree.

He retired after thus commanding them, and the devil came in. He went to Eve and engaged in conversation, leading her to the tree and persuading her to eat one of the pretended apples. She then, after much effort, succeeded in getting Adam to eat one. After he had eaten, he became ashamed and cried out:

"What have I done? I am lost," and finding a little apron ties it on. This apron was of green silk, on which fig leaves were worked with brown.

Jehovah then appears, terribly angry and after hot words of wrath, instructs the fallen Adam how to regain his lost estate. This consists in the various grips and signs by which Mormons distinguish each other. The garments peculiar to this ceremony will protect him from evil.

After this wretched farce, an attendant came to Ethel and said:

"You have been found worthy, and I now clothe you with this cap of righteousness, and on your feet place the sacred moccasins."

The cap was made of white muslin, and the moccasins of calico.

A priest then advanced from the recess to the altar, on which the book of Mormon, lay open, with a skull resting on it.

The attendant drew Ethel in front of this terrible emblem and told her to kneel. The priest reached over the altar and took her hand, putting his thumb on the knuckle of the fore finger and clasping hands:

"I hereby give you the first grip of the Aaronic Priesthood. It will admit you into the lower mysteries. Lay your hand on this skull and swear to obey the laws of the Mormon Church, and not to heed the laws which any civil power may impose. Swear to abide by the commands of the Church in all things from the least to the greatest. Swear, and if you reveal one word of this ceremony, or fail in the obligation now taken, your throat will be cut from ear to ear, your tongue torn from your mouth, and as a sign of your willingness you must draw your hand across your throat and bring it upright appealingly to heaven."

The novitiate was then conducted into another room, where seated behind an altar were representatives of Peter, James, and John.

Then she was kept standing until representatives of all the prominent religious sects of the Gentile world came and expounded their religious doctrines.

These were then shown by a champion of Mormonism to be false, and the Devil came in to inquire where they were for he wanted them.

Then Peter gave the second grip, which is made by placing the thumb between the knuckles of the first and

second finger and clasping the fingers, and as he gave it he said:

"If you reveal this grip, you shall be sawn asunder and your body cast into the sea."

The attendants then produced a white robe made of a long straight piece of cloth; gathered full at the shoulders, reaching down to the feet, belted at the waist, and when thus clothed, a messenger came rushing in crying:

"The gospel has been found, and restored to earth. The angel has revealed it through the boy Joseph and all the gifts, prophecies and blessings of old are restored."

Then the priests all shouted for joy.

The door opened into a room filled with men and women, singing songs of rejoicing. They gathered around the altar at which Ethel was still kneeling, and sang a hymn for her,—as one snatched from the world.

Peter again took her hand, placed his index finger on her wrist and linked his little finger into hers.

"I now give you the grand grip of Melchisedek. I place my fore-finger on the place where the nails were driven into the hands of Jesus. You are now in full communion with the Saints. When you rap at the gates of heaven this grip will admit you. Now are you indeed a bride of heaven, and ready to be sealed. Let the mystic veil descend."

A curtain dropped down to the altar cutting off all that part of the room beyond it. There was an aperture just large enough to admit the hand, direct over the altar.

Peter, who remained behind the curtain, now exclaimed in a loud voice:

"Is the sister ready to be sealed?"

A chorus of voices around her responded "yes."

"Let her place her hand through the aperture, and give the sign of Melchisedek."

Worn out by the fatigue of the endless ceremony, bewildered with the situation, and scarcely knowing what she did, she extended her hand through the curtain, and felt it grasped by another after the manner of the grip.

Peter continued: "The bride of a priest, a sister of the Church, sealed and coventured unto God, swears allegiance to her husband now and forever. She shall trust in him, and be saved through him, and be obedient unto him forever."

"Amen," shouted a score of voices.

The curtain slowly arose, and before the astonished vision of Ethel, standing on the other side of the altar, the personification of all she loathed and detested, clasping her hand with the grip of Melchisedek, was Elder Brigham!

"Sealed," "sealed!" she heard repeated on every side, as the Elder bent forward to kiss her ashen lips.

"Away," she cried. "How dare you? By what right do you impose yourself on me?"

"By the right of a husband," said he, with a satanic leer on his bloated face. "You are now my wife. Are you not sealed to me by the most holy vows, which you have made before the assembled priesthood?"

"Oh, God in heaven, is this true? Am I united by the tie of marriage to this human monster? Oh, father, what have you done? Did you consent to this deed of shame? Oswald, in heaven do you see me, do you know to what depths of degradation I have sunk? Do you know the terrible despair of my heart?"

"You men who have daughters like to me, tell me that it is a dream, oh, a dreadful, dreadful dream! That I shall soon awake and find it false, as the false man who came like a serpent into our Eden, and has blasted all our lives."

She covered her face with her hands, and reeling forward, sank on the floor.

BRINGING HOME THE SECOND WIFE.

Mrs. Frieda sat with her family, one evening after the events recorded of the Endowment House. Rollo had joined them, and the afflicted mother, as was her custom, now she had no other strong arm on which to lean, poured out to him her sorrowful story.

She was overwhelmed by the termination of the ceremony which made her a sister of the Church, and terrified by the fearful oaths which sealed her lips. Her dear Ethel had been snatched from her by a cruel monster, fleshing its fangs in her heart. Her pure mind could not understand the depravity and selfishness of the Church of the Saints, but she justly held it responsible, and she loathed and abhorred it.

"Oh, Clair, you will be next called to the sacrifice; you, too, will be devoured! Darling Angie, have I reared you for the same appalling fate? To a life of disgrace, of wretchedness, and spiritual death?"

"Do not fear Mrs. Frieda," said Rollo. "I scorn and detest this accursed religion, these misguided people; even the country is unbearable. The time will soon come when I can take Clair for my wife, and we will go away where our hearthstone can not be profaned by passion in the name of religion."

"Angie! what will then become of the child?"

"We will take her with us."

"And me! what a fate for me! I shall be left alone! I can not ask you to stay. I would not have you stay; but I *must* stay. I am bound by holy vows that never can be broken."

"I fear father does not hold his vows as sacredly," replied Clair.

The mother started with a wild gesture, crying:

"What mean you? Has my dread sense of impending ruin a foundation?"

There was a rap at the door, which immediately opened and Mrs. Nubbin came in, red in the face, out of breath and swinging her hat in an excited manner.

"Pears to me," she began, "seeing the doings, you are all remarkably peaceable like and quiet. 'Spected to find you all up in arms."

"You are excited, Mrs. Nubbin?" said Rollo.

"Excited! Well, I may be, and I thought you would be over here. Have you heard of the sealing? Thé

wedding at Elder Bigham's? Hasn't brother Frieda told you? No? Gracious, alive! Well now, he is a cunning fellow! A sharp one, just stole off and had the sealing done before any one objected."

"What mean you, my good woman?"

"What do I mean? Why, if my husband, or the one-third of him belonging to me, or rather that I belong to, should decide to subdivide into quarters, and add a fourth wife to share with us three, I declare to gracious, goodness knows, if I shouldn't thank him to sly off and get sealed unbeknownst to me. There, I have said it."

"Do you mean that Mr. Frieda has acted in this manner?"

"Don't you know Elder Bigham's daughter, Leigh, by his first wife? She was a French lady." Evasively asked Mrs. Nubbin.

"She is a friend of mine," replied Clair, "and I love her the best of any friend I have found here. She is beautiful and good as beautiful."

"Glad you like her, though what relation she now is to you the Lord only knows."

Mrs. Frieda sprang to her feet and in an excited manner approached the loquacious visitor. With dilated eyes and face pale as death, she grasped her arm and cried:

"What mean you?"

Mrs. Nubbin was surprised. She expected that her information would create a sensation, but she had become so accustomed to a plurality of wives, that marrying the second had no horror to her.

"Sakes of mercy, how you startled me! I suppose you knew all about it, or Jane Nubbin never would have been the one to break the news. Brother Frieda has been courtin' Leigh some time; leastwise so it's said, and this evening they were sealed."

The wife could bear no more. She wildly clasped her hands together, reeled forward, and had it not been for the strong arms of Mrs. Nubbin, would have fallen. They clasped her closely and carried her to a lounge, the kindly woman saying, soothingly:

"Poor thing, poor thing! it is hard to bear, but we have all got to come to it."

"Is there a God in heaven?" cried Clair. "O, that my father were here to see the effect of his cruelty. Mother, mother!"

She chafed her cold hands and applied restoratives, actively assisted by the others.

"Mother! are you alive? Speak, speak, as you love me!"

Slowly the breath returned, her eyes opened and gazed vacantly around.

"Did some one strike me? Some cruel hand struck me down, did there not? I had such a terrible dream. Your father brought home a wife! It was so strange to see her in the house as his wife while I was there too. Two of us, both wives, and I remember thinking if that was true who was your mother; and I thought perhaps I was not your mother, that I was only a wraith, and without existence. Oh, it was terrible! A new wife! Ha, ha,

ha!" she wildly laughed. "A strange dream. I saw him bring her here. There were two of us!" She paused, and sitting upright on the couch, eagerly asked: "Was it a dream! Tell me that it was or I shall go mad!"

There was sounds of feet on the walk; the door opened and Mr. Frieda entered accompanied by Leigh.

Mrs. Frieda arose to her feet and stood pitifully mute. Rollo and Clair were equally silent.

The embarrassment of the situation momentarily increased until Leigh, unable to endure longer, with open frankness extended her hand to Clair, and in a sweet voice, said:

"My loved friend you are not glad to see me! I expected we should now be more than friends."

"You can be mother and daughter," said Mr. Frieda, with well feigned bravado. "My dear wife, wishing to spare you unnecessary anxiety, I have fully conformed to the commandment of our Church, and Leigh, whom you, and Clair, and all of us know, respect and love, has been sealed to me."

He could not speak the holy word, married; "sealed" was not so harsh in sound.

Well that Mrs. Frieda had been prepared even in the unfeeling manner adopted by Mrs. Nubbin, for after the first shock she determined to bravely face the terrible fact.

She looked at her husband, then at the animated face of Leigh, young, beautiful, charming in its gentle lines, and soft contour, and on her dazed mind slowly dawned a full sense of the condition in which the family was now placed.

"God pity us all!" was the wail of her broken heart, as she sank on the seat from which she had arisen.

Leigh met Clair by her side. She put her arm around the mother's neck, and with tears filling her eyes, she said:

"Mrs. Frieda, listen to me; do not blame me; I love you, and have since I knew you. My father said you would delight to have me here. God knows I do not want to usurp your place. I do not want to take your husband from you. I can not remember my mother. I want you to be a mother to me as you are to Clair, and love me as you do her. Can't you? Pity me, then. You despise me, Clair. I did not expect it of you. I thought we should be sisters indeed when united in one family."

There was such genuine feeling and frankness in her utterance it induced the same in her hearers. Clair was first to reply:

"Do not misjudge me. I am surprised into silence by this wholly unexpected event. It is so strange to have you here as—my—father's wife."

"Remember, dear Clair, it is not from my seeking. It is no choice of mine. Women here are not expected to have a choice. My father gave me to your father. If he had not accepted me, I perhaps would have been bestowed on some one worse. I consented because I knew you all, and preferred the known to the unknown."

"I tell you, sister Frieda," said Mrs.

Nubbin, "you are prejudiced in this matter now. If you can only have your man stop with Leigh and not go on increasing, you may think yourself blessed. She comes to you fresh and loving as a daughter. Make one of her and you will be happier for it."

"Think of me. There's three of us and none of them Leighs! There's no love lost Elder Nubbins! I've got used to it. Sealing is a disease and got to be borne, beside it is a religious duty, and one that heaven knows requires a sight of grace to bear up under."

Delivering herself of this speech in a manner that showed how much stronger human nature was than grace, she tossed her hat by the strings and departed.

Mrs. Frieda placed her hand on the arm of Leigh, and with the earnest simplicity of a child, said:

"Will you love me? You will not rob me of my husband, my family, my home?"

"How dreadfully you talk! I will rob no one. I promise all, everything."

"You seem honest—I will trust you. We must be near to each other. Yet I never supposed I should be called to bear this; the sharing of my husband's love with another. It is wretched, wretched for you. You are young. You ought to have a heart all your own. Have you never loved? Never felt that there was one soul which by right should be yours forever?"

"Is that to love? Then I have never loved. I have fancied such an one would some day come and claim me, but I have seen so few people, and those I have seen were so rude and coarse! I have read of knights and gentlemen; I have never seen either. You have loved then, have you not?"

Tears broke afresh from the eyes of the suffering woman.

"Loved! Aye, and thought that love was eternal and changeless. Poor soul, there is nothing changeless in this world but change. There is nothing fixed and reliable. I am dizzy for I stood on faith and trust, and now they are removed, I gaze down into a shoreless, bottomless abyss."

"My dear wife, do not talk thus. I have not changed. This is a necessity. It is commanded, and I think I have acted wisely in obeying. Why should Leigh prevent my loving you? I love you both, and we shall surely be happy together."

Scorn and contempt gathered on the fair face of Clair. The storm had been slowly gathering, and broke in invectives of wrath:

"I pity you, dear mother; I pity you, Leigh, for a road of fearful suffering lies ahead of you both. I pity and I love you. But you father, whom I have loved and honored, I despise you. I scorn this cruel act of treachery by which you forfeit your plighted vow to my mother, and receive my utmost detestation."

"You will repent such language," hotly replied her father. "The dignity of the Church may demand that your stubborn spirit be broken."

"I have spoken the truth which harms no one but the morally diseased."

I will speak while I have freedom. You have brought us among this people who glory in their shame, and excuse crime in the name of religion. You have become one of them. I was taught a religion in my childhood by you and my mother, a pure religion, which condemned as sinful the principles you now advocate. I do not forget my early lessons, and trust the good Christ will sustain me."

ETHEL TRADED FOR HORSES WITH THE INDIAN CHIEF WAUSATCHA.

The Summer came and the heated air shimmered over the parched and dusty plains. The religious farce, enacted on it as a stage, did not blot out the light of heaven.

Nature cares little for the moral degradation of man; she keeps on her way, however low he sinks in degradation; she brings her rain, her dews, her soft winds, her sunshine, to the just as well as unjust; to the wretched as well as the happy.

Mrs. Nubbin sat in a porch she had made with her own hands. She had nailed two projecting strips to the opposite side of the door casing, and from these stretched twine to the ground where little stakes held the ends.

A rapidly growing vine, twined over these, formed a green arbor, which was her delight. This Summer evening she sat there, enjoying the cool air, which came like a gentle breath from the mountains.

"Hial come in," she said, as that individual came by. "Come in and try my porch. There is not another like it in the city; all my own work too."

"Well it is a nice affair, but aren't you a little fast in saying it is all yours, you didn't make the vines did you, and they are the principal part, I should say."

"Oh Hial you know very well what I mean, I don't want any of your palaver. I am just dying to talk. Thought I'd run over to the neighbors just to have somebody to talk to."

"Have you been to brother Frieda's?"

"No?"

"Oh you ought to; there's been such doings."

"Now some men there is a good deal of and they'll bear dividing. Elder Nubbin is one of them, and I have often thought, what under heavens I should do if I had the whole of him. I think I just as soon have a third of him as more."

"But I tell you Hial some men won't bear dividing. There is not enough of them. They are too small, and Frieda is one of that kind." His second wife, Leigh, is a lovely woman. She didn't know the difference between a man having one wife or a dozen. No one, poor creature ever told her, and she thought it all right to become a second wife. She loves Mrs. Frieda as a child would a mother, and the latter must have a strange feeling for her."

"Is she jealous?" asked Hial.

"Jealous! a woman can't help being! There is where our religion comes in. It demands obedience and unrepining

acquiescence. I didn't always feel proper humility. When I was neglected and sort of slighted for the first or second wife, I felt wronged and hated them, and if you'd believe it, would get away and cry, but I don't do it now. Good Lord, what is the use! Goodness, there's Rollo coming along the walk. He will know how they received the news."

"Good evening, Rollo. Have a seat in my arbor. You are looking very disconsolate. How did they take the news?"

"It is too terrible to speak of, and while Clair has wept continually, her mother has suffered so much, nothing more seems capable of adding to her grief."

"You have not told me, this terrible news," said Hial. "Would like to have a chance to wonder with you."

"Haven't heard! Everybody knows it, though I think the Elders wanted to keep it quiet. You see Elder Bigham intends setting out on another missionary enterprise."

"He had a vision. The Angel Gabriel came and told him he had been idle too long and must prepare himself to go to Europe to bring in the Gentiles."

"He wanted to go but could not get money enough, and he has borrowed of everybody now, and never paid. He is like a sponge in absorbing, but unlike a sponge in so much you can never squeeze any out of him."

"Now I tell you he has had a tough road with Ethel; she cried and cried, and moaned, until she became a pitiable object to look at."

"Elder Bigham was tired of it, and he thought he would sell her to a chief, Wausatcha, who, with his band of Indians, was encamped not a great way off. They had come in from the Mexican border, having made a successful raid, and had money, goods and horses, and about all of them carried a fresh scalp lock on his waist."

"Elder Bigham tried to sell Ethel for money or goods, but the chief would not give them. He said he would give ten horses, and as Bigham could sell the horses, he accepted the offer."

"It was arranged that she should be captured when she went out for a ride, as was her custom, on her horse, which Bigham threw into the bargain."

"It is said when Ethel was brought to his lodge, the chief was dreadful mad, and declared he had been cheated, and an ugly old squaw given him in place of the one promised, and vowed vengeance on the faithless white man. No doubt she did look worn and beat out, with all her trouble and fright."

"Mrs. Nubbin, you shook me by the cool way you recite this story of atrocious wrong! Have you no feeling!" earnestly asked Hial.

"No feeling? Plenty of it, plenty, Hial, but what is the use of wasting feeling where it can't do no good? There's places enough to pour it out where it will."

"I would not call this bad news; she's better off with the Indians than with the Mormons! If the Indian does wrong, he knows no better, while the Mormon Elder sins in the name of God and religion, knowingly, and at heart

is meaner, and more treacherous than a coyote."

"Have a care, Hial," said Mrs. Nubbin; "have a care; there are long ears to hear, and it would be unpleasant for you were such words reported. An Elder, you know, has only to crook his little finger to one of the 'Angels,'* and no one would dare inquire what had become of you."

"Blast them, they may crook their finger, I shall free my mind."

"Do you know where the Indians with whom Ethel is, went when they left the valley?" asked Rollo.

"Nubbin said to the northwest, where they reside. They had been out stealing on the Mexican border, and were on their way home. They were not a bad lot of Indians, but better fed and equipped than usual."

"Mrs. Nubbin you are acquainted here more than I. What do you think of the chances of one getting away from this people?" asked Rollo.

"Hush! not so loud. Don't whisper. You can't get away. I have known several attempt it. They were never heard of again."

"Well, there'll be one that'll never be heard of then, for by Jerushy, I rather rest on the plains under a sage bush, than live here."

"Hial, you talk like a fool, and no mistake. For goodness gracious, if you are going to run away, don't come and tell me of it."

"I did not come to tell you, but I shall go away nevertheless."

"There is another bit of news I ought to tell you, Mr. Rollo; I heard Elder Nubbin and brother Frieda talking of it. I put this and that together, and the gist of the matter is that Mr. Frieda has been led to believe his standing in the Church will be improved by marrying Clair to some of its leaders. I heard them say that you were opposed to the Church, and it would be detrimental to allow you to marry her."

"Why are you so stolid? Why did you not rush to me on the winds to tell me?"

"Why, how excited you are! It is all in the nature of things, and I told you it would come."

"And do you suppose I will tamely submit? No, I will leave the United Church."

"That is easily said; but do you know that a gesture from an Elder would place you out of harm's way?"

"I know too well. When do they intend to sacrifice her?"

"I did not fully learn; to-morrow, though, I think."

"To-morrow! Then I have no time to lose. I must away."

He rushed to the street and toward the house of Frieda. He found Clair at the door.

"Come," he said. "Come where no one will hear. The very air of this place tells tales."

"What troubles you now, dear Rollo? I know. I know you have learned the terrible secret!"

"The end has come. I learn that your father, to strengthen himself in

*The "Angels" are the thugs under the Elders, and the sign of death is crooking the little finger and speaking the name of the one whose death is desired.

the Church, has consented to bestow you on some high official, I know not, nor care not who, only you are to be sacrificed, and to-morrow the deed is to be accomplished."

"You are wild; you can not speak true. My father would not do such a deed. He has threatened me, but I trust he loves me still, and can not be so cruel."

"I would to God I were wild. As surely as the sun rises to-morrow morning, you will be led like a lamb to the slaughter."

"Oh, save me! save me, Rollo!"

"I will risk everything for you, but the chances are desperate. Already the Angels of Death are waiting for me. There is only one way. I will bring my horses to the grove in an hour. Meet me there, and we will fly to the north-west, hoping to find Ethel, and surround ourselves with Indian allies."

"Can we take Angie?"

"It would prove our destruction. We will leave her now, and perhaps we may hereafter find some means of bringing her to us. Go now, before we attract attention, and remember the hour."

With agony of heart she passed into the house. She must conceal her thoughts and deceive even those she loved.

Her heart yearned for them with an affection she had not felt before.

Angie, as she sat in Oscar's lap, and her dear mother, how could she, who had never kept a secret from her before, not kneel before her and tell her all?

A subtle magnetism drew her to them, and she recalled the past, wishing she had been more tender, more loving and gentle, and gathered more blooms of affection when she might.

She arose, went to her mother, and bending, kissed her with a kiss that breathed a prayer.

Tears filled her eyes; she kneeled.

"Mother bless me," she whispered.

"My blessing is weak. I constantly appeal to the throne of grace that Christ may hold you in his keeping."

She arose, placed her arms around her mother's neck, her cheek against hers, and sobbing, "Dear mother, good night," lingeringly withdrew her arms.

Then she kissed Oscar, and folding little Angie in her arms, bade them good by, and hurried from the room into the adjoining apartment.

She gathered a few keepsakes, put on her hat, and taking her cloak on her arm, went out the back way.

At the grove she found Rollo awaiting her.

He assisted her to mount, sprang into his saddle, and without a word spoken, they turned northward and sped away into the night.

THE DARK PIT, OR ATONING ROOM.

"Then you were told to git, were you, by the Mormon Elders? Wall, you'll have to; but where'll you git, and how'll you git there, them's the questions. You'll no more git out of this den than a mouse can git out of a bear trap."

18*

Hial delivered himself of this consolatory information between vigorous chews at the weed he held tucked up in his cheek.

"What!" exclaimed young Oscar, "they ordered me to go, and of course will allow me to do so."

"They'll allow no such thing. An Angel of Death is already on yer track, and you don't have as good a chance as you would unarmed with a pack of wolves arter you."

This was a new revelation. Oscar had no idea but the priests meant what they said, and if he left at once he would not be disturbed."

"Impossible that men can become such incarnate devils," he exclaimed.

"Wall, it looks hard to think so, but when you've seen as much of 'em as I have you will be ready to believe anything."

"Ugh look here. Jim and me came in from Mexico two years ago."

"Over on the east side of the range we found a pretty place, with nice water, and lots of feed, and Jim says, says he, 'Let's stay here and make us a home.' 'I don't want a home,' says I, 'but you can stay.'"

"So Jim went to the head Injun of that region, and to make himself respectable took the old fellow's daughter for a wife, and settled down, and right comfortable he was."

"I saw him last year. His squaw was handsome, and that's a good deal for me to say of an Injun. She dressed in gay calico like a white woman. I think Jim really loved her, and she doted on him."

"Wall, he had a big herd of horses, and was happy. About three months ago the head cockalorum here, wanted them horses. He told an Angel about it, and gave the sign. If you will go up there to that lovely place, you will find a burnt spot among the flowers, and some white ashes that once were bones. The horses are all here now."

"Oh, you can tell me nothing too terrible for my belief," said Oscar shuddering. "My God!" he cried, with a look of horror. "What have I not seen in the past twenty-four hours? and the sun still shines in the heavens!"

"I know, my boy, something about it. Your mother has disappeared. I don't understand the business, for she was a good sister, and your sister is Bigham's wife, or one on 'em."

"Disappeared!" cried the boy, glancing around in terror. "Oh that she had, and I did not know nor never could know what had become of her! what I know will agonize my whole life."

"You do not say she went up to the Atoning Room," eagerly asked Hial.

"To the Atoning Room!" replied the boy, his suppressed tone indicating the agony which wrung his heart.

"Then she is lost! No one ever got out of there. Came near getting in myself once. Brigham Young himself, holds that fort, right under his own dwelling, and the adobe walls are four feet thick, and no windows, as I have heard."

"I have been there," said the boy, in the same suppressed tone, as though

the words forced their way out of his mouth, "been and am out, but I had rather have died, a thousand, thousand times! Mother, mother, dearest mother," he sobbed, in uncontrolled grief.

"And why did they take your mother?" softly asked Hial.

"Father was anxious for me to go through the Endowment House, and become a member of the Church, but mother would not listen to my doing so. At last several of the Elders pressed the matter so earnestly that father said I must."

"Then mother took me into a little room she always kept for herself. She had arranged the few articles she brought from her old home, and on the mud walls hung a picture of the dear old fiord and the ocean beyond, which she would look at through tears by the hour."

"She took me there, and in a low whisper told me of the blasphemous farce of the Endowment House, of the curses which followed polygamy. She wanted me to take my little sister Angie, and if possible, get out of the dreadful country."

"And how did the Coyotes hear of this?"

"I can not tell. They say a whisper in the desert is heard by Brigham Young. His spies were surely there. I have dark thoughts that my father heard and reported. If he did, he surely did not know the consequences."

"And the Angels came for you? I suppose."

"She told me last night; this morning, two villainous men appeared at the door of our hovel. They were half Indian, and delighted in blood. They said that Brigham Young wanted to see us immediately. Mother called for father, but he was away, and taking me by the hand, we followed, and were soon admitted into the door of Brigham's house."

"In the center of the large room was an opening from which a trap was lifted, and we were led down a staircase, and the door dropped down over our heads."

"Then we found ourselves in a large room, lighted with candles, and on one side sat nearly all the leading Elders. Mother knew them well, for she had met them almost every day, attended meetings, heard them preach, and with some of them had established an intimate friendship."

"Then she counted wolves for friends. I tell you they hain't got any feeling. They are worse than injuns."

"They proved so. But mother did not believe them to be so cruel, I know, for when the Presiding Elder accused her of telling me the secrets, and advising me not to join the Church, and pointing to a table spotted with blood in the center of the room, asked her if she remembered her oath. She turned pale with fear, but rallying, said:

"You do not intend to inflict the penalty attached to that oath."

"We do, vile woman," brutally replied an Elder, who was our neighbor, and had always been extremely friendly. "We do to the letter, and you should know that what we inflict on

your miserable body, is only a beginning of what you shall endure in hell forever and forever. Bind her," shouted he, in a voice like the howl of a wolf.

"The two men who came for us, seized my mother by the arms, and I, mad with terror, sprang forward to her rescue. A blow on the head stunned me, and when I recovered, I was standing pinioned to a post, a strong cord drawn through my mouth and tied tightly around the same. I could neither move nor speak. Mother lay bound before me on a table. I can not tell. I can not tell."

He hid his face in his hands. Recovering, he continued:

"They tore out her tongue, burnt out her beautiful eyes, cut off her arms and limbs, and divided her body! Oh, heavens, and I lived to see it all!"

Again he paused, overcome by his feelings.

"I said they were worse than Injuns. There isn't a Ute in the valley but would blush to be called a Mormon. They are too pious for anything but cut-throats. But how did you get away?"

"Elder Haight—"

"Elder Haight! the miscreant!"

"He said the best thing to do would be to finish me at once, but the Presiding Elder said no. I might go, but must leave the country in twenty-four hours. So I was released, and not daring to go home, and not knowing how to get out of the country, I came to you."

"And well you did, although by Jerushy, I reckon you are in hot water, and before I get you out, I'll be in too."

Without a moment's warning, Mrs. Nubbin appeared in the doorway, swinging her faded sun-bonnet by one of its dilapidated strings.

"Now I'm a Mormon," she began at once, wiping the perspiration from her speckled face; "a Mormon, and the third wife of a Mormon; but I was raised in a civilized country, and that was no less a country than northern Ohio, and I won't lend myself to help murder. Not yet," she added, seating herself in a chair.

"What now, sister Nubbin?" asked Hial. "What now? Is this Frieda's son Oscar, and ain't the Angels of Death after him, and ain't said Angel coming here, not ten rods off?"

Hial sprang with one bound, seized Oscar by the collar, fairly lifted him from his feet, and pushed him into a corner, threw a buffalo rug over him, and said:

"Sister Nubbin, move your chair to this rug, and you will be silent?"

"Don't insult me! If I am a Mormon and the third wife of a Mormon, I have not yet sunk so low as to murder, or help others murder. Mrs. Frieda was a love of a woman, but she never was one of us, and they've spotted her a long time."

"How do," said she, as a man appeared at the doorway; a man, if to stand upright makes a man.

A more sneakingly-villainous face could not be painted. The low brow, small snake-like eyes, coarse mouth, heavy jaws and brutal slouch, were caricatures of the Indian features, and

revealed the lowest, most depraved instincts.

The man glanced furtively around, like a panther ready to spring.

"How are you?" said Hial; "come in out of the sun and rest ye."

The man came in and dropped on a low stool.

"I am going out on the plain with a drove, going clean out of this country, and thought it would give Oscar Frieda a good chance to get away," blurted out the man.

"Who said he wanted to go away?" asked Mrs. Nubbin. "Where does he want to go to, and what for?"

The man saw he had said too much, and answered that he didn't know.

"Well I wish you could find him," said Hial. "He does want to leave the country, and it would be an awful good chance. Sorry he left as he did, but a trapper came along about an hour ago, and I told Oscar that was his chance."

The man's face brightened with this intelligence, and he quickly arose and glided out.

"You audacious hyena!" exclaimed Hial. "Got off on the wrong scent! The pursuit is a hot one. If Oscar escapes, the secret is out. They'll turn over heaven and earth but they'll have him. What think you, sister Nubbin, of your blessed Saints who kill a mother and then send out their Angels to kill her son? Precious lot of you, ain't ye?"

"I told you, Hial, that I was a Mormon, and the third wife of a Mormon, but I am a Mormon after the early type. I don't believe in this sealing of wives, nor murder, nor nothing of these Latter Day Saints."

"Now you are sensible. You are the first sensible one I've found. Why, if you are ever so smart, to come here makes you an idiot."

"I left a good home in Ohio to be a third wife here; and I think a third wife about as near nobody as you can get."

"Wall, I musn't stop here talking about religion. Something's got to be done. This boy must be saved, and while we are about it why not save his sister?"

"You propose to take them and run away, do you?"

"Perhaps that would be a good plan."

"And you will leave your improvements to the Church."

"It is welcome to this mud cabin and my cattle, if I can only get loose of the whole concern."

"You see I haint jined the Church, and they suspect me. I haint got a dozen wives sealed to me, and that in this country is an offense."

"Why don't you get sealed, Brother Hial?"

"Get sealed! get deviled! Jerushy! Why, sister Nubbin, I was sealed to a gal in Maine five years ago, before I started for Californy, where I haint got yet; at least I promised when I got some shekels to come back and get sealed, and haint heard from her in a year goin' on, but ye can't get letters here. She's true, I reckon; leastwise I shall count her so till I prove contrary-wise. Now what on arth do I want to get sealed to a bagnio here for?"

"You are one in ten thousand, Hial," feelingly said Mrs. Nubbin. "One in ten thousand! She must be an extra girl."

"Extra! I have come in from the cattle drive too tired to eat my supper, thrown myself down on the floor, and going back to old Maine, the very thought of her made these mud walls beautiful as a bank of roses. You ought to see her mouth, sister Nubbinhorn, and hear her laugh! You'd think it was music."

"Don't, Hial! it brings back old times, before I was a Mormon, or a third wife. I had dreams then. Everybody has. It will be a dream. You can't get away. They won't let you. If you started the Angels would overtake you the first night out."

"I only wish Angie could go with you."

"We shall start at twelve o'clock to-night. Can you not get her away on some excuse and bring her here?"

"Now, Hial, that is asking a good deal of a Mormon, but I'll do my best, and when you get to California do you remember me here in this plague spot of the earth."

When she had gone Hial drew aside the rug, and talked over his plans with Oscar.

"I have two fast horses; you can take one, and if Angie comes I will carry her on my horse. Once with the emigrants and we are safe."

The shadows of night gathered, and in silence they waited. The hour had nearly arrived, when Mrs. Nubbin entered the door without pausing to rap, leading a sweet little girl. The child possessed a seraphic beauty, delicate as a flower, and as fair, with ringlets of pale gold, and large blue eyes which seemed to change in expression with every passing thought.

"Darling Angie," cried Oscar, "how glad I am you have come. We will take a ride and you must be very good."

"Oh, Oscar," said the child, plaintively, "mamma has not been at home since morning. Where has she gone? I have cried and cried because I want to see her so badly."

"Be good," said Hial, stroking her head with his rough palm, the tears filling his eyes. "Be good, may be we will find her. Come, the horses wait; we must be off."

"You won't get her hurt, will you, Hial?" said the sympathetic Mrs. Nubbin.

"Not if it depends on me."

He seated Oscar in the saddle. "Now, little one, hold fast till I get up," said he, as he seated Angie on the front of the saddle and seated himself. "I will hold you. Good by, Mrs. Nubbin, God grant that we may never meet in this den again."

THE MOUNTAIN MEADOW MASSACRE.

It was the last of Summer when the Elders met in Council. There had been meetings and councils innumerable, for the Saints were greatly excited by the rumors of the advance of government troops to enforce the national laws. Those who had felt the assaults of

the mob at Nauvoo, and the hardships they afterwards endured, told their story of wrongs and inflamed the hearts of their hearers.

Mormonism rests on ignorance, and this ignorance is then moulded to the will of a few cunning and unscrupulous men. The rank and field of the Saints come from the lowest ranks of society. Especially the European converts or ignorant peasants, decoyed by fair promises by the missionaries, and once united at Salt Lake, are controlled by superstition and zeal, blind and unthinking as instinct. Such a community is like a great ignorant, brutal man, ruled by impulse, reckless of consequences, turbulent and ungovernable when his passions are aroused.

The Saints were armed thoroughly. They buzzed like enraged hornets, in their fear that the government would assert its authority over them.

Elder Bigham, was an active spirit in the turmoil. He enjoyed it, for it gave him a field in which he could come prominently to the front. His voice was heard on the street, wherever he chanced to meet one of the faithful, and in the Council he was the first and the last to urge active measures of retaliation on every emigrant arriving or passing from the Gentiles. Elder Haight, Dame, Nubbinhorn, Lee, and Frieda, were equally imbued with zeal, and anxious for a collision with the government in which to display their ardor for the Church.

Early in September, a council was called at which the leaders met to decide a most momentous question.*

Elder Haight, or President Haight, was the most eager for destruction. His blood was at fever heat, and he wanted to wreak the vengeance of God on the Gentiles.

Elder Bigham grew excited.

"I am no wise behind brother Haight," he said: "I want them destroyed root and branch, and every one who comes this way destroyed. Then we shall remain in peace. We were driven out of our possessions for conscience sake, and we were driven into the desert. We wandered in the wilderness, to this remote land. We hoped to be free from intrusion until we became strong and established. Now we find ourselves right in the great stream setting across the mountains for California. If we do not stop it at once we shall be overwhelmed."

"I, for one," said Frieda, with the zeal of a new convert, uncertain of his position, and desirous of showing his earnestness, "believe in active work. Let us, once for all, show the Gentiles that, to cross our territory, is death. I will take my rifle, and stand in the front, or go out with the Indian allies."

"You will have a chance," sneered Haight. "But, just now, open warfare is not needed. We are commanded, by the Bible, to be wise as serpents. That is what I propose. We don't want the government troops down on us. What we do must be effected by secret measures."

"Where are those emigrants now?" asked Elder Nubbin.

"They have passed Cedar City, to the south, and will, by the time any action can be taken, have reached the Mountain Meadows. There will be a good point to arrest their march."

"I understand they are strong in number, well equipped, and will make a brave resistance," said Frieda.

"There is one less than when they came," said Bishop Dame, with a brutal laugh.

"How is that, brother Dame?"

"You see there is a strict order from the Church that the Saints sell nor give nothing to these accursed Gentiles. When these emigrants reached Parowan, one of them by the name of Aden, recognized William Laney, who has been a good Saint, and obedient, and the owner of a farm at that place."

"Laney was sent some years ago to Tennessee as a missionary, was there attacked by a mob, and would have been killed like a wild beast had not this Aden and his father rescued him, and at great peril to themselves, sent him off."

"Laney, forgetting his duty to the Church in his gratitude to these benefactors, invited them to his house, and gave them baskets of vegetables."

"It was reported to me the same evening. I wished to make an example of him, and show the people that the orders of the Church must be obeyed."

"I gave the sign to brother Carter, who, with his usual celerity and certainty, went direct to Laney's house, called him out, and inflicted punishment with a club he carries for that purpose."

"So may all traitors die," exclaimed Elder Bigham.

"President Young has sent out a trusty messenger," said Haight, "none other than the First Counsellor of the Church, visiting the settlements and inspiring the people, by way of the Fort Clara and Pinfo settlements. He reports the country in that direction swarming with Indians. He also reports that, in this party of emigrants, is a man who boasts that he helped to kill one prophet, and they are all a godless set of vagabonds, and seven were among those who persecuted us in Missouri, and threaten us with Johnson's army, and that they have the halters made for Brigham Young and Bishop Heber. He has already begun the campaign by inciting the Indians, and hordes of them have gone south, to attack the emigrants at the Meadows."

"Smith has orders from the President, and knows his duty," said Dame. "Every true Latter Day Saint, who regards his covenant, knows well his duty, and that these emigrants have forfeited their lives."

"He well knows," continued Haight, "and the Lord has raised him up for this work. He has gone south to raise up the Indians in that direction. He will smite the Gentiles, as Israel did the Philistines, Canaanites, and Medianites of old. These Gentiles have called down the vengeance of God. They have threatened to murder our leaders;

they have boasted of murdering our prophet. They must die."

"How many of us are to go up to the atonement?" asked Elder Nubbin.

"All of us will be needed. If we are not there, the Indians after one or two unsuccessful attacks, will become disheartened, and if the assault is made at all, it must be thorough. Not one must escape old enough to tell the tale. We must be there to encourage and plan for the Indians. They of course, will bear the blame from the Government."

Such was the conspiracy entered into by these men, who pretended to be God's representatives on earth, and whose words expressed his will.

They coolly planned the murder of some hundreds of men, women and children, against whom they really had no other charge to make than that they were Gentiles.

Such is the legitimate outgrowth of this most selfish and debased religion.

"We are agreed," said Dame, "agreed, and sworn to secrecy. We all remember the consequences of disregarding our oath. It will fare worse with us than with this band of Gentiles. To-morrow we each depart in our own way, quietly, and meet the Indians, who have by this time began the attack, or if they have not, we must lay plans for them. We must not expose ourselves, and perhaps disguising as Indians would be the best policy."

"We will offer prayers," said Haight, and in a sententious voice he appealed to God to prosper them in this enterprise, as he prospered the Israelites, when they went forth to smite offending nations, and make a blood offering, most acceptable in his sight, of the boastful emigrants. He asked this in the name of Christ and the Prophet Joseph.

The emigrant train wound its way slowly over the difficult road, the oxen were jaded by their tedious journey, and with weary patience dragged their heavy loads. Their drivers were by their sides cracking the whip over their flinching backs.

There were men on horseback, men, women and children a-foot, toiling on, with slow steps, toward the Eldorado of their dreams.

At the Meadows they would find plenty of good grass and water, and could rest awhile and recruit.

The Mormons had been friendly toward the emigrants, and were not feared.

The Indians had made some unfriendly demonstrations, and had awakened suspicion, but the train was so strong the leaders thought themselves able to withstand any attack from them.

They kept compactly together, like an army, and every precaution was used to prevent surprise. At evening the wagons were packed, the cattle guarded, and trusty sentinels placed on duty.

This was the condition of affairs the day previous to reaching the Meadows. In the afternoon of that day two horsemen came in sight, following the trail. As they came up, several of the

* It was according to the confession of Lee, published after his death, between the 1st and 10th of September, 1857.

men stepped out and demanded what they wanted.

The horsemen proved to be Oscar and Hial, the latter carrying Angie in his arms.

"These are Mormon spies," said one of the men.

"Spies!" exclaimed Hial, "we look like it! Spies with a little girl on the saddle bow? Look a here, friends, this boy flies from the Angel of Death, whom the Elders have started on his track, like bloodhounds. I bring his little sister to get her out of the wolf's den, and I come myself to get out of this accursed country."

"That's a plausible story soon told. If it's true, you are welcome to go with us, but it may bring trouble on us, if the Mormons attempt to take you."

"You have worse trouble than that, friends," said Hial; "you've got a big fight on your hands. We have run a gauntlet of Indians all day. There isn't a hill top in sight of the last one we passed but I noticed indications of Indians. They just are swarming down on you, and my rifle will count one in defense."

The men grew eagerly interested, and plied him with questions. Shrewd and practical, and well acquainted with the country and the ways of the Indians, he won their regards.

"Don't go on to the Meadows," he advised; "stay here, where you can maintain your position at an advantage. The Indians soon weary, and if they make an unsuccessful attack, will withdraw."

Some of the party having been forward prospecting, returned, saying that even a more secure position was found on the Meadows.

"You will find your mistake," said Hial; "I have been there and know. Never mind, we'll prove enough for the redskins. We have been twelve hours in the saddle since our last rest, and my little girl is hungry."

Brave little Angie looked from one to the other of the strange men as she clung to Oscar's hand. Seeing a woman sitting in one of the wagons with two small children, Oscar led her forward, and the woman took her up beside her and fed her with her own.

That night the camp was doubly watched, no fires were kindled, and few eyes closed soundly in sleep.

In the morning the train started again, and by the afternoon entered the Meadows.

Here it was found in order to have a secure position, and avoid giving the enemy protection of the ravine on one side and rocks on the other; they must encamp at least one hundred yards from the spring.

This was unavoidable. The wagons were corralled; and, as during the day, the most unmistakable evidence of Indians were manifested, the breast-work was made with great care, the wagon wheels chained together, and shallow rifle pits excavated.

A sense of terrible danger was felt by all. The bearded men went to work with grim determination; women with pale faces and compressed lips, clasped their babes closer to their bosoms, and the children were hushed to silence by

the nameless dread of impending evil. All that brave men could do was done, and when night came, few eyes closed in sleep.

And well it was that they were vigilant, for, just before daybreak, the sentinels aroused the camp, in time to receive the first attack of the wily foe. The firing continued until daylight, when the Indians withdrew. It was an anxious day for the emigrants, who dared not leave their corral.

The Indians were greatly reinforced during the day, and the next day, at sunrise, made a more determined attack. They met a warm resistance, and several were killed, and many more wounded.

This time, however, the emigrants themselves, suffered. Two women and one child were killed, and several severely wounded, among the latter were some of the bravest men.

The Indians made demonstrations the next day, but always at a safe distance, and left the camp undisturbed that night.

The following day the suffering, for want of water, became intense, as to go to the spring for it was certain death. At evening, however, under the friendly cover of the darkness, several men, with buckets, ventured out, and safely returned with them filled with water.

The increasing activity plainly showed that the number of Indians were rapidly increasing.

The Mormon Elders, after their Council, had fulfilled their promises. They took a survey of the camp, and inflamed the Indians, advising them to keep up a constant attack and thus harass the emigrants until they were worn out by constant watching and fatigue.

The Indians had stolen the greater part of the cattle, and while not engaged in the attack, were cooking the flesh, and feasting.

On Friday afternoon four wagon loads of armed men came to the scene of the conflict. They encamped by a spring, and after refreshments, a council was called. Major Higbee presided. After prayer, invoking the Holy Spirit to guide them to do right and obey the commands of the Church, the chairman said the orders were that these emigrants must be destroyed, root and branch.

"Are all to be destroyed?" asked Frieda, shocked beyond expression at the appalling sentence. As zealous as he was, he had not become lost to feeling, and the shedding of blood in such wholesale fashion terrified him.

"All, except such as are too young to tell tales, and if the Indians can not do it without help, we must help them."

"What have they done to merit death?" asked Frieda; "if some have behaved badly, they have been already severely punished. We had better draw off the Indians, and allow them to retain their trains and go on their way. To slaughter this multitude of women and children will bring us trouble."

"You will hear of this! You, dictating to the priesthood what is best to do or not to do! Who are you that you

dare argue against the commands of the Church?"

"I do not desire to disobey any command, but to slaughter these children and helpless women is too cruel."

"So you'd let them go to California, and return with United States troops and kill our women and children! These are not as good as ours. They are Gentiles and must die!"

"Hard indeed must be your hearts to do this thing," replied Frieda; "how can you shed innocent blood?"

"Hard? It is not wicked to obey orders. If you show the white feather now, you had better prepare for the consequences. If it is wrong, the blame rests not on us, but the Church. We shall not shed innocent blood, for they have none to shed; there is not a drop of innocent blood in the whole company."

"My plan is this," said Elder Big-ham. "They can only be starved out, which will cause delay and involve us in trouble. We must employ artifice."

"We must go to them with a flag of truce, and tell them that the Indians have determined on their destruction. We can not oppose the Indians, but we can compromise with them."

"If they would trust us, we will save them. They must place their arms in our wagons, cover them with bed-clothing, place the children in two of them, the wounded in the others, the men and women following on foot, and we will guard them to the first settlement."

"We will have the Indians and troops in ambuscade behind the brush and rocks along the trail, and when the proper place is reached, at the words, 'Halt! do your duty!' each must select his man and dispatch him."

"Can nothing avert this doom?" asked Frieda. "If I read the words of the prophet aright, he abhors a traitor. I could stand up with my rifle and exchange shots, giving and taking, but I never can play the part of Judas, betraying those who confide in me."

"One word more," said Higbee in terrible wrath. "One word more, and you will not again set up your opinion against the priesthood."

"Shut his mouth," cried a dozen voices.

A general uproar followed, in which the cry for mercy was drowned in clamors for vengeance.

Before daylight the next morning the Indians, and Mormon troops, were ambushed, and Elder Big-ham sent to the corral with a flag of truce.

He was met half way by a messenger from the emigrants. The Elder said the Mormons had come as friends to save them, if they would only trust them. They could not save the train, but they could the people; and if they would trust them the wagons would be sent at once. The messenger retired to the corral for an answer.

There was the greatest distrust awakened, yet what better could be done? They were surrounded by a foe vastly outnumbering them. Their cattle were rapidly disappearing, or being shot; they were hourly losing

of their number by wounds or death, and there was no hope of succor.

The leaders talked over both sides of the question, and concluded that the only feasible measure for them was to accept the conditions.

With Hial and Oscar, who had thus far borne the burdens of the situation, in repelling the foe, or on duty as sentinels, the position was alarming. To be found by the Mormons, for Oscar was inevitable death; and Hial as a deserter and assistant, could expect no less.

"You were never more deceived," he said, earnestly. "These Mormons are not friends. They are the directors of this attack. They control the Indians, and if you trust in them they will destroy you. As long as we are armed we can make ourselves feared; without our rifles and we are helpless."

"It can not be they are not friends," replied one of the men. "The Mormons have been friends to the people of the United States, and they could not plot the destruction of a train like ours."

"I have lived too long with them not to know whereof I speak. They have no conscience, no friendship, no manliness outside of the commands of the Church. If you trust in them you are lost, and I beg of you to hold out as long as possible. The Indians will grow weary and draw off when they find we can not be easily beaten."

His words only created a momentary discussion. It was decided that to resist was a waste of life, and the Mormons offered terms it would not be wise to reject, and the messenger was sent back to say the wagons might be sent.

"If that is the decision," said Hial to Oscar, "we must come to one also. See you, this is death to us if it be not to them. We know our fate, and will not willingly go to the slaughter. Our horses are rested, strong and fleet. No Indian mustang can overhaul them. The road to the west is comparatively clear, for if I mistake not the Indians are all on the return trail ready to attack these deluded people when they advance."

"Angie, we can not leave her?" said the boy.

"I tell you what, Oscar, the race will be for life or death. It won't do to carry any burdens. Your father is with the Mormons, I saw him not an hour ago. He will recognize his child, and save her of course."

"I can not trust to that chance. He betrayed my mother and my sister, what may he not do? No, I can not leave her. I'd rather stay and die with her."

"Well, I suppose we must risk it. Have her come," said the noble hearted man, as he went where his horses were picketed.

Quietly he saddled them.

Oscar returned with Angie.

She had been wounded by a ball in the arm, and the sleeve and skirt of her dress were stained with her blood. Some one had bound up the wound with a handkerchief.

"Poor little one," exclaimed Hial, "I wish it was my own arm."

Leading the horses to the opening leading to the spring, he continued:

"Now my boy take your chances alone, I will carry Angie as before, if she must go, and it is perhaps best she should. Keep northwest, and I will follow."

Before the emigrants understood their intentions, they were outside the walls of wagons, and speeding down the decline.

It was free from enemies, and the distance between them and the doomed encampment rapidly grew until there was no danger unless they met some straggling band.

After an hour they drew reins to rest their horses on a high swell overlooking the country to the east, and they saw the heavy smoke of the burning train.

Could they have with sharpened vision penetrated the distance, they would have seen the most terrible and bloody sacrifice recorded in the pages of a civilized people.

The cruelty of the Indian, was tenderness to that of the Mormon bigot!

When the emigrants had placed themselves in the power of the Mormons, and were disarmed, they were led into the ambushade. The wounded were cruelly shot. The women and children were massacred by Mormon ball, or Indian knife, and only a few children too young to speak were saved!*

WITH THE INDIANS.

An Indian encampment at a distance is always picturesque, however, quickly this illusion fades on near approach.

The tribe under Red Cloud were strong in numbers, and wealthy, according to Indian estimate.

They had plenty of horses and equipments, and such articles of clothing as were considered necessary for their mode of life.

They were feared by the surrounding tribes, and hence, respected. Their stock of animals was replenished by raids into Mexico, and others were taken from emigrants on the Northern or Oregon trail.

Strange fact of humanities birth—he emerges on the horizon of history, clad in the panoply of war! As the strata of the earth, in tooth and scale, show

* In his confession published at the time of his death in the N. Y. Sun, Elder Lee says that he told Brigham Young of the event, describing it to him. "When I was through he said it was awful,—that he cared nothing about the men, but the women and children was what troubled him. I said: 'President Young, you should either release men from their obligation or sustain them when they do what they have entered into the most sacred obligation to do.' He replied:

"I will think over the matter and make it a subject of prayer, and you may come back in the morning and see me."

"I did so. He said:

"John, I feel first rate. I asked the Lord if it was all right for that deed to be done, to take away the vision of the deed from my mind; and the Lord did so, and I feel first rate. It was all right. The only fear I have is of traitors."

"President Young has always treated me like a father since that day, and has sealed several women to me since," etc., etc.

Bishop John W. Lee, was shot by the authority of the United States, March 23, 1877, twenty years after the massacre of Mountain Meadows, in which he was a leading spirit. The place chosen for his execution was the scene of the massacre, and an intense dramatic effect was thereby given to his death.

that destruction was the end of being, and the rock itself is the debris of slaughtered myriads, so history reveals in ruined empires, and fossil civilizations, Chaldea, Assyria, Babylon, Egypt, Greece and Rome, the wreck of war.

The first implement man invented was a club, followed by a stone-ax, a flint spear, a bow and arrow. The biblical story is a type of the first man, as an individual or as a race. The first implement Cain fashioned to his hand was a club, and with that club he killed his brother.

Wausatcha had chosen a beautiful place for his encampment. It was located on a swell of ground, covered with scattering cedars, like a well planted park. At its foot flowed a clear rivulet, fed by the melting snows of the mountains, which stretched away to the north, purple and carmine in the light of the western sun. Some of the distant peaks were glittering with snow, while around others black clouds gathered, giving them the appearance of volcanoes belching vast volumes of smoke.

At the foot of the hill, on the east, stretched a limitless pasture, where the drove of horses were grazing.

The lodges were well arranged and covered with skins, on which were drawn rude characters, of men and animals, symbolizing the names and achievements of their owners. The thin smoke was curling from their tops.

The gay colors adopted by the Indians, flaming in the light of the setting sun, produced a most picturesque effect.

Wausatcha sat on the ground in front of his wigwam, smoking his pipe, apparently thinking of nothing but the wreathing smoke he expelled at regular intervals.

Now that the war paint was removed, his hair arranged under a band, and ornamented with the three eagle plumes he had won the right to wear by his bravery, he was superior to the average Indian in appearance. In repose one might regard it safe to trust him as a friend. If they should, he would not disappoint them. He kept his pledge, and his word was the law of his tribe.

But one might as readily see that if his enmity was awakened, he would be as cruel and vindictive as the tiger.

Even now in repose, lulled by the soothing weed, he was not forgetful. His keen eyes constantly glanced over the wide plains and up the mountain side, as though expecting the approach of enemies. They would not catch him unguarded, come when they would.

Presently an Indian woman came out of the lodge and stood by his side.

She was beautiful in form, and her face was pretty and gentle in expression. Her dress had been evidently arranged with the greatest care; she had a bodice and skirts of dark-red, ornamented in front with gilt fringe and spangles; buckskin leggings, elaborately worked in colored patterns; and beautiful moccasins on her dainty feet. Her dark locks were gathered back, and half-concealed by a handkerchief tied on her head, like a turban, by a crimson ribbon woven

into its meshes; a gay colored shawl thrown over her shoulder, and her toilet was completed by heavy armlets and bracelets of pure gold, which were the only protection to her shapely arms.

She waited in silence until her lordly husband told her to sit down.

"What now, Taula?" asked the chief, not deigning to raise his eyes, nor manifesting the least interest in her coming.

"The pale woman gives me no joy; she has taken all your love for Taula."

"If she has, she has," was the sententious reply.

"If you dislike me let me go to my tribe in the South. I shall be better pleased."

"There will be horses swifter than yours should you fly away."

"If my tribe found my pursuers, there would be less braves in your tribe."

"One of my braves would drive your whole tribe to the mountains."

"It is false!" she exclaimed, her eyes flaming with anger. "Every one of their lodges has a scalp lock of your people!"

"Ugh! that did not save you when I bore you out of their midst, and they trembled like women! If they are so brave, and want you, why do they not take you?"

Not a muscle of his face moved in sympathy with his words, while hers expanded with rapid changes, love, jealousy, anger, and at last submission.

"If they dare not come after me, they shall never have me. You do not love me but you are strong enough to keep me," she answered with a sort of triumph in her tone.

"Red Cloud never yet gave away anything he did not wish to," responded the immobile savage.

Here they were interrupted by the approach of Ethel, who had, by the kindness of the Chief and the women of the tribe, become, in a measure, reconciled to the rude forest life.

Toward her, Wausatcha had been, what among other peoples, is called chivalrous. She had her own lodge: It was tastefully covered, furnished with the finest furs, and he never approached it. She was required to do no kind of work, and it was from choice when she assisted the women in their tasks.

It was bondage, but not the loathsome bondage of Mormonism. She was free, and in the narrow sphere which surrounded her, could do as she pleased.

As she approached, the Chief gazed at her with the admiration he would have expressed for a supernatural being.

"She walks like a white cloud," he said to himself in low tone.

She slowly came to where they were seated, and wistfully gazed to the south and east. A vast extent of country lay before her, reaching to the rim of the horizon where it blended with the sky.

Her attention became fixed on two dark objects moving in their direction. She gazed intently, and saw them come nearer and nearer, and pointed them out to the Chief.

"They are horsemen," he said, and continued placidly smoking.

"I promised the pale flower to tell her the story of the moon maiden," said Taula. "Sit and I will relate it."

Wishing to please one who evidently desired to please, Ethel seated herself on a robe thrown down in front of the Chief, and Taula began in the rehearsal in a dreamy tone of voice:

"The moon maiden lived with her father in a country far in the southwest, and he loved her better than his life, because her mother went to the Great Spirit when she was born, and he had cared for her, and kept her with him, except when he went on the chase or to war.

"She followed him to the door of the lodge, when he went and received him in her arms when he returned.

One day there came a fearful storm, while her father was gone. The lightning glared in the sky, the thunders bellowed, and the rain was like a falling river.

"When the storm was at its height a young brave came to the door and asked admission. It was granted by the moon maiden willingly, for she was afraid.

"Then came a dreadful flash of lightning, and it brought a horse white as snow, and the thunder followed, bringing another black as the night. Then followed a wind, which blew the lodge away.

"The white horse then said to the moon maiden: 'Your dying father sent me to carry you to him.'

"Then the black horse said to the brave: 'He sent me to carry you as her companion.'

"They mounted, and as though driven by the wind went into the West, till they came to where her father had been, but she was told a spirit-horse had taken him home.

"So they rode back into the East, and where the lodge had stood on the banks.

"They found an old man, who told them her father was on the river. They looked and saw him in a frail canoe, moving up the stream, drawn by invisible hands.

"'Father!' she cried, 'come back! Take me with you,' but he answered her:

"'I can not come back, for I am going to the happy hunting grounds. The Great Spirit has called me. He has sent you a companion; do not come into the water, or mourn for me.'

"She did not hear him, or else she was wild with grief, and urged her horse into the river.

"The brave vainly attempted to grasp her reins, and hold her back, but she was far out in the water and he followed.

"When they reached the place where the boat had been, it had vanished, like a cloud, and they looked for it in vain, but her father appeared in garments thin as air, and told them they might go with him.

"The horses vanished and they went down into the white waters together."

"I like your story," said Ethel. "I wish I had been the 'Moon-maiden.'"

Then I should not have to remain to suffer."

By this time the approaching strangers had come sufficiently near to be recognizable, and Ethel, who had been intently watching, cried, "It is Rollo and Clair," and ran down the hill to meet them.

Their meeting brought joy to their hearts, and Ethel's face became radiant with happiness.

Even the stolidity of Wausatcha yielded, and though standing aloof, and embarrassed, he extended his hand after the manner of the whites, and expressed his satisfaction, that Pale Flower had a sister so like her, and such a strong brother.

"What a terrible journey you have had," said Ethel, "what could have driven you from home?"

"Sister," replied Clair, "you had a sad experience, mine would have been worse, for not only was I involved, but Rollo also. They would have killed him, and me they would have given to the blood-thirsty Haight!"

"Did our father consent to this?"

"Consent? he demanded it of me, because it would, he said, increase his influence, and be a blessing to me! I told him that I had seen enough of the Mormon religion, and of their system of marriage. I loathed and despised it; my heart was given to one who sympathized with me, and I would maintain my rights to this one and no other, though he killed me. He replied, cold and unfeeling as a stone, that if I felt in that way, the more need was there that I should be snatched from the world and sealed to some one who would care for my spiritual welfare. As he turned to leave me, he said this matter would not be delayed, and I must prepare at once.

"My heart seemed bursting with agony when he went away. I knew Rollo could do nothing to avert my fate, and voluntary death seemed the only escape. Within the hour, Rollo came, having gained the secret, and an hour after that we were flying away in the direction we learned you had taken."

"It has been a severe journey for Clair, I assure you," said Rollo. "She had nothing but a strip of canvas and a blanket I brought, to protect her from the weather, and our provisions gave out the third day. In places the trail is obscure, and we became lost in the maze of paths on the plains, and bewildered in the absence of all traces in the mountains.

"All I could do was to preserve my direction, hoping that you might make lengthy encampments on your way. She has not partaken of food to-day, and little yesterday. She has suffered intensely from anxiety, and want of rest and food. Are we safe with your tribe?"

"Safe from what," eagerly asked Wausatcha.

"From the Mormons from whom we have escaped?"

"So! As long as one of my warriors remain. They hate Indian—Indian hate Mormon. Stay, rest, sleep. Be one of us long as you please."

His hand unconsciously sought the

string of his bow, and gave it a twang as emphasis.

For many days they accepted the hospitality so generously offered, and the sisters in the free life they led, revived the days of their youth, when Rollo first came to them as a teacher.

The Autumn began to tint the forest, with somber browns, fantastic reds and yellows; the grass too, grew sere, while the flowers gave their last beauty and fragrance before the frosts.

Over all the landscape, here shut in by mountains, and then extending to the remote verge of the horizon like a sea, a misty veil, half transparent softly fell, and shimmered in the purple light, and all day the sun in an amber glory traversed the cloudless heavens. The moon came from behind the eastern hills in a misty perfumed air, scented with the dew and flowers and balsamiferous groves.

It was a delight to live, just for the sake of living and to breathe the air, and bask in the light.

"This is an Eden," said Rollo, one day to the sisters—"a paradise, but the year is drawing to its close. The frosts of night, and the whitening summits of the mountains warn us that soon Winter will be here. We have regained our strength, and if we expect to reach a civilized country this year we must depart at once."

"So soon, dear brother, so soon?" plaintively asked Ethel.

"Why the sooner the better, for you will go with us."

"I knew it would come to this!" she exclaimed. "Go? I can not go!"

"There is nothing to prevent. I will ransom you, and we will take the trail to California."

"I am weary of life. I expect nothing, and I have grown to love the solitude. I am disgraced in my own sight, though I feel God understands my heart."

"Think of it dear sister," pleaded Clair, "We can not leave you. Decide as we wish, and we will to-morrow depart for a home in a Christian land."

She arose: "Thank God, dear Clair you have found a true and honest heart in which to trust, and I thank Him also that He has led you away for, He only knows who will fall under temptation."

She returned to the encampment, and Rollo and Ethel, walked in a circuitous route, to give her time for reflection.

On reaching the lodges, they found Red Cloud again at his favorite pastime in front of his door, and by his side sat Taula braiding a mat of colored grasses.

"We have come to have a talk" said Rollo.

"Then smoke the pipe first," said Wausatcha.

"Smoke the pipe, and we shall be brothers."

"We are going to the rising sun, to our friends. It is a long journey, and there are enemies in the path. How far will you go with us?"

"I will place you where the trail is safe."

"Then we will go to-morrow. Where is our sister Ethel?"

"Coming," and he pointed down the path leading to a dense grove, which extended up the side of the mountain.

She had been walking in the dim solitudes accompanied by the faithful Frolic,—as she came near the dog ran frisking barking to greet Rollo and Clair, as he was wont in his old Swedish home.

There was no joy or hope on Ethel's face. The leaden lines of resignation, a stolidity only exceeded by that of her Indian companions, marked the change from the beautiful girl who dreamed her first young dream in the boat in the fford of the North.

"We have waited for you," said Clair. "Dear sister, walk with us a little further, for we have much to say to you."

They moved slowly out of hearing of their Indian companions. They were silent, for the subject that they wished to speak of was an unpleasant one.

The wind came cool from the mountain, sighing in the cedars, the light of day still lingered in a faint blush in the west, where the evening star beamed with mellow radiance. There was stillness over all the wild, except the neighing of a horse at intervals or the cry of a night bird.

"Dear sister," said Clair, "you have decided to go with us?"

"You are kind, you love me, but I can not go. Why should I go? Life is nothing to me—has nothing for me. My self-respect is gone—not by my fault, nevertheless gone. I am utterly degraded. Look on me. Why should I desire to return to a civilized state? God pity me! There are my people. This," stretching her hand over mountain and plain, "must be my home."

"I knew your proud spirit, your keen sense of nobility, yet I had hoped you would for our sakes go with us. I have never told you, but I am not a beggar. I have a noble home in England. There we will go. These wild years need never be mentioned. New friends will gather and the past will be forgotten," Rollo replied.

"Never forgotten!" almost wildly exclaimed Ethel. "What would I be there? Courted, perhaps; asked in marriage,—could I accept? Could I accept even friendship, being false? Oh, my brother, in your kindness of heart you mistake! Better that I remain. Better that I die here in the wilderness, my grave unmarked, unknown. I shall have saved you, and with Clair you can go to your home from which you have been away so long, and be happy."

"We can never leave you, dear sister," cried Clair, her eyes filled with tears.

"You weep, I can not. My tears have dried up in the scorching heat of my grief, and my mouth has been parched with pain. Weep if you can, for tears fall on the wounded heart like balm. You may weep, and after weeping, your eyes will grow clearer, and you will see that I am in the right. It is best that you go, best that I stay."

"I can purchase your liberty!" urged Rollo. "I have gold and silver,

and can ransom you. That I know can be arranged if you will consent."

"It is idle to talk. I have thought of this time, knowing that it would come, since the day you were rescued, and determined on the course I ought to pursue—I have one request to make, and that is this: I can bear this life but a short time, and then my horse will be left with strangers. I want you, Clair, to take him. He will bear you away to the border, and then I want you to take him to your home, and keep him as a remembrance of me."

"We promise," replied both, and Clair continued:

"Darling sister, can we bring no inducement, no argument, no entreaties, nor love, to change your decision?"

"There would be only one. If Oswald was alive, if he waited for me, if I could return to my native village, meet him, and pass through the Church to the home he was preparing for us, that would be a temptation I might not resist. I have thought it over—if it should so happen—even then I should say no! no! no! My heart might break, but I should say no."

They had slowly continued to walk, and making a detour were approaching the camp, when out of the shadows a horseman galloped, up to the fire in front of Wausatcha's lodge.

The chief sprang to his feet seized his bow, and bent an arrow into place, and a dozen other warriors imitated his action.

The rider held up his hands as he approached, in sign of peace, and instantly dismounted. The warriors gathered around him.

"I am a friend," he said to Wausatcha, speaking in the Indian tongue.

"A friend should know other friend," said Wausatcha.

"I came from the north-west. Here is the name of a friend of mine and of yours."

He handed the chief a piece of bark on which rude figures, and the head of an eagle, were drawn. The effect was magical. The warriors unsaddled the horse and picketed it out on a spot of the freshest grass, as the chief took him by the hand and called him son of his own father.

As he stood by the blazing fire he presented a remarkable picture. Attired in the usual buckskin garments of the trapper and hunter of the border, his flaxen hair hung down his shoulders in matted luxuriance, and a beard still lighter, fell on his breast, and his blue eyes were in strange contrast with his brown and weather stained features.

By this time Rollo and the two sisters came near, with Frolic in front of them. The stranger, who was speaking to a brave, suddenly ceased and uttered an exclamation of surprise as the dog met his gaze.

"So like, so perfectly similar," he said, talking to himself. "How strange! How bewildering!"

He looked up into the faces of the group. The camp fire shone brightly on them. Simultaneously, with a cry of mingled joy and pain, came from the lips of both:

"Oswald!"

"Ethel!"

He sprang to her side, with extended arms. At first she bent forward and extended her's toward him, but instantly withdrew them.

Rollo at once comprehended the movement, and extending his hand, said:

"Is it possible that you are alive, after we have mourned you for many years as dead, and that you are with us?"

"Is it possible, Oswald, it is you!" cried Clair.

"Possible! that I meet you here! This moment has been my dream for all this time, sleeping or waking. Now that the fulfillment has come, you are more pleased to meet me than the one I seek."

No words can tell the pain which this sentence gave the trembling Ethel. Her whole heart throbbed with an unutterable love for him; her whole being thrilled with a wild impulse to rush to him and receive his proffered embrace, but she had in the silent night, and journeying in the solitude of mountain and plain, conjured this meeting, and marked out her line of duty. She scarcely dare trust herself to act or to speak, for fear of betraying her emotions.

She steadied her voice, and said:

"They told me you were dead. I believed them until grandfather died. I sent you a message, and I knew if you were dead, you would come to me. You came not, and I knew you were still alive."

"And my darling Ethel being alive, I have searched these weary years, and have now found you."

"You have found me truly. But you have not found your Ethel. She is dead. The girl Ethel, who was your early companion, your mate, your plighted wife, is no more. I remain broken, crushed, blasted, too impure to touch, and better if dead."

"Pale Flower should rest," said Wausatcha. "White men and squaws have much talk!" he continued, discontentedly, evidently not understanding the subject.

"We will sit down."

They sat around the blazing fire which gave a lurid, fitful glow, projecting them like living silhouettes against the black background of the night.

Wausatcha, with Taula on one side, on the other, Rollo and Clair, separating Oswald and Ethel, while around them a dozen warriors stood or reclined in attitudes, which would be the delight of the sculptor.

"You must know, Oswald," said Rollo, "that we have mourned you as dead. We never expected to meet you again, and we can not even now realize that you are living. How did you escape?"

"I can briefly tell you. Elder Bigham had taken an aversion to me. I know not why. He first endeavored to convert me, then to induce me to join his colony, and not succeeding, he determined to destroy me."

"Oh, God, I knew! I knew!" gasped Ethel.

"This, however, I did not know. He came and met me one morning, and wished me to guide him up the mountains, as he said he had heard that the scenery was worth visiting. I consented, and after an hour's walk, we approached the mouth of a shaft, which led down into the mines, once famous, but long deserted.

"We sat down and I told him some of the legends connected with the mine, for you know the superstitious peasants have many. He seemed deeply interested, and, after I had finished, he called my attention to a flower growing below the edge of the pit, and asked me if I would reach down and secure it for him.

"I bent over the shaft, and had plucked the flower, when he gave me a push which threw me off my balance.

"I grasped a bush growing on the bank, and endeavored to save myself. He waited a moment to see if I would be obliged to let go, and finding that I was strong enough to draw myself up, he drew a long knife from his pocket and cut the branches to which I clung.

"I'll finish you now," he hissed, as the branches snapped asunder.

"I fell to the first ledge, which was but a few feet, rolled off and fell to the next, and so from ledge to ledge until, on one somewhat larger, I caught and sustained myself.

"I was bruised and bleeding, but not seriously injured.

"As I sat there I thought it had been better had I been killed outright, for there was no possible escape, and little chance of any one passing that lonely place.

"I was at first stunned by the misfortune, and then became angry. I cursed my fate, and the villainy of the man whom we had so fully trusted.

"Then I said I will do what I can to extricate myself.

"I remembered having heard my grandfather say that the mountain mine was once worked from the other side of the mountain, by a shaft afterward used as a drain, and by this shaft I might escape. To do so I must reach the bottom of the pit, where I would find this subterranean passage.

"It was a frightful descent, for a hundred feet, but I clung to the projecting points of the rock, and took some fearful leaps from ledge to ledge, and reached the bottom in safety.

"Here was a dilemma. Two passages extended out like vast arms into the mountain. Both were absolutely dark, and I found that they soon divided into many lesser branches.

"I felt along the walls and groped my way, returning when I found the passage contracting, going forward when I found it remaining permanent.

"After what seemed an age to me, I came to a passage, along the floor of which I heard the water murmur as if there was a current.

"I put my hand down into it and found it had a perceptible motion. This, then, must lead me to some point where the water escaped.

"I followed on, on, groping in that intense darkness, famished, and reeling at every step. When I found a dry place I would sit down to rest, and often fell

asleep. The atmosphere was not cold, but at times uncomfortably warm, and close. The incline became more steep, and it was difficult for me to preserve my feet on the slippery wall. Yet I stumbled on until, with unspeakable joy, I saw a light break at the end of the passage, and with my last remaining energy I reached the outlet, and fell on the grass.

"An old woman lived in a hut close at hand, and was near by gathering herbs. She came to me, and by her aid I reached her cabin, where she cared for me so assiduously that she forgot to call any one to her assistance.

"Her motherly kindness restored me to life and strength, and my first thought was to return home which was I found by way of the mountain path, fifteen miles distant.

"I asked her the day of the week and she replied Thursday. It was Tuesday when I was pushed into the mine, I had been there one day and a night, till the morning of the second day.

"She shook her head, 'Longer than that,' she said, 'longer by far.'

"It was the Tuesday of the week before! I had been seven days in the mine, and two days recovering.

"I remember this was the day appointed for the ship to sail. I knew that my death was for the furtherance of some object conceived by the fiendish Elder; what if Ethel should go with her family? As I would be regarded as dead, and she would not remain alone, and if she went how should I ever regain her.

"The thought stung me to madness, I rushed out of the friendly cabin, I ran along the ascending path, breathless, and gasping, by noon I had reached my father's door. I paid no attention to the exclamations and astonishment of my brothers and sisters or the embraces and tears of my mother.

"Where is Ethel? I cried.

"My sister was the only one who dared reply: 'She has gone to America. The ship sailed not an hour ago.'

"I tore myself from them and ran down the hill, and again up another from which I gained a prospect of the sea.

"There was the ship, every sail set, and bending to a fair breeze which made the foam gather like banks of snow on her prow. Beautiful, to me a monster tearing from me all I loved. I shouted her name in my madness, until unable to do so from hoarseness, and sat down in utter despair.

"My exposure in the mine and this last shock, brought on brain fever, which ended they tell me in a derangement of mind. I was insane, and my friends were obliged to confine me. For three years the light of reason was obscured, when suddenly I was myself.

"The world brightened and I was impelled by one motive and that to find you. That was two years ago, and I need not weary you with the recital of a series of mishaps and adventures which at last stranded me among the Indians of the North, and how by their favors I have thus far pushed my way toward the great Salt Lake where I hoped to find you. Now I need go no

further, we will take the trail in the opposite direction."

"It was the intention of Clair and myself to leave on the morrow. We are weary of this life, and desire again to taste the pleasures of civilized life."

"And was not Ethel going with you?"

"She was not. She can not," replied Rollo in a low voice.

"Can not! what mean you? Speak Ethel, do you choose to remain with these savages?"

"I have no choice," she replied, calmly now, "I am compelled."

"Have I searched for you all these years, at last to find that you love me not?"

"Say not that, Oh, God, say not that I implore you! Because I love you not? No; because I love you too well! You do not know, else you would scorn me! You do not know what you say."

"There is nothing that can come between us except your own desire. Nothing but that can separate us."

"Listen," she said, pale as death even to the lips, her eyes brilliant with the intensity of her feelings. "Listen. You have told your story; I will now tell you mine. I became a sister of the Church. In becoming so, without my consent I became a wife of Elder Bigham—his sixth wife."

"Pity me, oh, heaven!" gasped Oswald

"What I suffered, the insults and indignities I bore, are too dreadful to speak of. He wearied of me, and wanted money. He traded me with this red man," pointing to Wausatcha, who sat, his keen eyes fixed on the speakers, but with immovable features. "Traded me for a drove of horses. I am now his slave, having reached the depths of degradation, where even hope is dead."

"Have I searched in vain? Do you now dash my cup of happiness under foot?"

A look of hopeless longing, of infinite despair, came over her face.

"Why will you not go with us? Why remain?" pleadingly asked Oswald.

"Because it is for the best. You know not what you ask. You remember again the old time. You forget now the degradation that is mine. I am no longer your equal."

"I swear to you that I will forget, or only remember that I may love you more from profound sympathy. You could not control these events. In soul you recoiled from them, and hence you remain the same to me—the same pure and noble Ethel. The house we were building was finished, but no one has occupied it. It has awaited your coming. We will return there, and no one but ourselves shall know the past."

What a glory lighted this charming picture of happiness! For a moment she hesitated; desire and resolve seeking for mastery.

"You do not understand yourself. You say no one would know. Ah, you would know, and I would know. I should despise myself. We can not go back and commence again where we parted; what I have been compelled to do can not be blotted out. I can never be happy or make you happy. This

life is torture, but that would be more fearful. No, no, ask me no more."

She arose and walked into her lodge.

DEATH OF ETHEL.

After Ethel left them, the group remained silent, each one occupied with his or her own thoughts.

An owl broke the painful silence, not with its accustomed note, but with another less frequently heard, which sounded like demons' laughter. Of all the animal cries heard in the forest at night, perhaps none are more thrillingly weird, and suggestive of the super natural.

The Indians gave hurried glances at each other, whispering in fear:

"The Evil Spirit; he calls for us."

Even Wausatcha lost for once his immobility, and placing his arrow in his bow, shot it directly into the clear sky, crying:

"Take this and away!"

Turning to his white guest he said in explanation:

"He calls our enemies. Bad Spirit, Bad Spirit. He calls, and they come."

"Do you fear the other tribes?" asked Rollo.

"I fear no Indian. They fear Wausatcha. It is the Mormons. They like horse. Wausatcha have many and good."

He then motioned to three warriors. "Go out toward the horses and watch," he said. "Be like the owl, seeing by night, and watchful as the hawk."

"The owl bodes no good for me. It is not for this tribe, but for me he shrieks his scornful laughter," exclaimed Oswald. "Alarm not yourself my friend. Your horses are safe; it is me the owl would warn. He should have laughed thus on the morning I was born, and he might have laughed at the beginning of every year of my life. At me, of all others he may well laugh." He said this with bitterness; as one crushed by fate.

"My dear friend," said Clair, "you know not how deeply I pity you, and how willingly I would sacrifice my own happiness, if thereby I could give you and my sister the fulfillment of the promises made in the long ago."

"Do you think she will not change? Will she not be persuaded?" he asked, eagerly.

"I will not hold out false inducements or flatter your hopes. She will not change her purpose. She was broken-hearted when she suffered the indignity of being one of the many wives of Bigham, but this last event, being traded off, and owned, in her own eyes has made her an outcast."

"I ought to have been prepared for my fate," he responded. "I ought to have known that to me at least she was dead. I was told this sad fortune, by the waters of Lake Manitoba, three months ago, while I staid with the Ojibways. I was awakened from sleep one night on the shores of the lake, by a chime of bells, far off mingling with the murmur of the waves on the beach.

"I thought at first I was in our old home, and the village bells were peal-

ing on a Sunday morn. I arose and looked out on the dark waters, roughened by the northern wind. In the hulls of the breeze there came soft singing, like the voices of a distant choir, with every voice sweet and low as the Eolian harp.

"My soul thrilled with awe as I listened, and the Indians bowed low in reverence to the 'speaking God,' as they call this voice, and said it boded ill when the God thus rang his bells and sang the death song. The song was for me! I ought to have known it was for me!"*

"I often think," said Clair, "how much depends on a single step, and how little we have to do with the ordering of our lives. I would not blame my father. He was at first made to believe that he would be doing a kindness to his family to remove to America. Notwithstanding the promises made were broken, nothing fulfilled, he became infatuated, and in his zeal has sacrificed us all. Had he not taken the first step, what years of woe, of regret and disappointment, of agony, would have been spared us, and we might have been happy with our friends and neighbors."

"It is idle to regret," replied Rollo. "We are compelled to move forward, and abide the events which follow. Some good may bloom out of this plant, rooted in evil. Your father is the greatest sufferer, for he is led by his zeal to glorify his sins, and prostitute himself to do the unholy bidding of the Church."

"You wrong him, Rollo," replied Clair, earnestly; "you wrong him. I do not believe he would commit a crime if commanded by the prophet himself. He is zealous, but he is not bad."

"Was he not at the Mountain Meadows?"

"You know it was not from his choice. He did not understand for what purpose they were sent out."

"That may be true; of course they do not know for what purpose they are sent, but when the command is given, they go, and ask no questions."

The hooting of an owl, prolonged into a deep, tremulous tone, floated on the air from the plains, seemingly miles away.

Wausatcha and his warriors who, to the casual observer appeared half asleep, started up with the quick movements of a panther. Every sense was alert, every nerve intensely strung, their eyes flashed with expectation.

Again the cry, and repeated in a slightly divergent direction.

"The Mormons!" said Wausatcha, "They steal the horses. We have arrows; you have guns," said he significantly to Rollo and Oswald.

"Aye, guns, and will use them," cried the latter. "I wish the infamous crew were in one monster; I would meet him single-handed, and vindicate the tardy justice of heaven."

"You will not wait?" said Wausatcha, and with his words came the sound of

* "The mystic bells of Manitoba have acquired such a reputation that travelers are not satisfied until they are heard, and often spend days there waiting for the blowing of the north wind. The Ojibways have a number of poetic legends about their speaking god, whom they profoundly revere."

horses' feet on the turf, scarcely audible when the herd went down into the depressions, swelling out when their feet trampled the ridges.

This dark mass came in view a half mile away against the sky on a higher swell, and down they came, and then up the hill toward the encampment.

Fide was ahead, leading the route, and circling round to the rear, with dilated nostrils, tossed his head and uttered neighs, which might have been interpreted as an expression of fear, or exultation. The herd followed their leader, and behind them came the three mounted guards, urging the lagging forward with the sting of the far-reaching lash.

They too passed to the rear, and then came the sound of the pursuers at the foot of the hill, and springing at full speed up the gentle incline.

"Down, for your life, down!" cried Oswald, grasping Rollo by the shoulder.

As the latter obeyed, he noticed that the Indians were crouched so closely that although the grass and bushes were short, they were effectually concealed.

On came the enemy. In the obscurity of moonlight they were multiplied into a host, and to oppose them seemed a waste of life.

On they came, evidently intending to make a circle and capture the horses in the rear.

As they passed they checked their speed, and poured a well-directed volley into the camp. The balls struck the lodges, cut branches from the trees, and whistled close to the heads of the concealed warriors.

Quick as thought every warrior sprang to his feet. The twang of their bow strings, sharp and spiteful as the hiss of a serpent ere it bites, were simultaneous, and with them went echoing, among the hills, the report of two rifles in quick succession.

Instantly the Indians crouched out of sight, to await the returning volley. It came feebly, and was again responded to with bow and rifle.

The Indians need not have concealed after the second fire, for the attacking party were demoralized.

Two horses, with empty saddles, galloped wildly to the left, and one directly into camp, his saddle quite red with blood.

"One more round and they have enough of us," cried Oswald, and he steadied his aim.

At the report, the warriors, reckless of concealment, sprang up and followed arrow with arrow; and sooner than can be told, the masses of men and horses, which swept up the hill like coming doom, turned and fled.

With a war cry more terrible than that of the famished tiger, the Indians sprang down the hill, in the vain attempt to overtake their enemy.

The living made good their escape; they found the dying and the dead.

Oswald and Rollo were soon with them, and found that the Indians had already killed and scalped one of the wounded, and were in the very act with two more, who were loudly praying for mercy.

"Stop!" said Oswald. "He is mine.

See, it was not an arrow, but a ball that hit him."

"He is your prisoner," said Wausatcha.

The other man, lying beside him, plaintively exclaimed, "Oh, save me too!"

"He is ours," howled a warrior, brandishing a knife, and pointing to the feathered shaft projecting from his side, "See the arrow!"

"Give each of our pale brothers one," said Wausatcha. "They fought well; we will take the others."

No hand staid their savage work on the five other fallen men, having finished which, they assisted in carrying the two wounded men to the camp.

When the light fell on their faces, what was the surprise of Rollo and Clair to recognize one as Elder Bigham, and the other as Mr. Frieda!

"Father, father, is it you," cried the bewildered girl. "Oh what has befallen us! We have dyed our hands in your blood!"

"Do not weep my child, if I dare call you my child. This is the justice of heaven. You have been spared the regret of my punishment, for see you, this shaft tells its story. An Indian shot this; and in the hands of a long suffering Providence was the agent for my punishment."

"In one day more we should have been away, and this would have been spared. Only one day! Why did you not, oh father, wait just one day, and let us go without this fearful recollection?"

"We can not avert the will of heaven. I came to seek my doom. I came because it was the last day! That is the way I read Providence. You were going? Where?"

"To Rollo's home in England. Away from this terrible country, where we could live in peace."

"Thank God you at least will be saved. Elder Bigham, this is not a verification of the assurance we received from the head of the Church, if we undertook this expedition."

"Bigham!" cried Oswald, who did not recognize in the man before him, his life-antagonist.

"Yes, Bigham," replied Rollo.

"And who are you?" hoarsely asked the Elder, with a scowl.

"I am Oswald! The man you sought to murder! Whom you defrauded of his betrothed wife. You blasted her life, and mine, and have left only desolation, wretchedness and despair!"

Had a spirit from the unseen world stood up and hurled its hot invectives against the Elder, he could not have exhibited greater fear, or apprehension. His eyes started from their sockets, and though his lips moved they gave no sound.

"I am no ghost," continued Oswald. "I am flesh and blood I escaped from the death you thought was mine, but too late to thwart your hellish plans. Now vengeance is mine. I know the ball from which you suffer was from me. The God of Justice directed it. I know, not only it was mine, but know it will send your black soul out of this world where you can do no more harm, and where you will

stand a hideous monster before the bar of God. I have dreamed of this hour, I have nursed my wrath, and delighted in vengeance, but a kind Providence has taken the office from my hands, and now I would not harm a hair of your head. I pity you, before men and heaven, I pity you."

"The Indians, protect me, I beseech you, from them! They hate me, they will seek vengeance! keep me from them!"

"For the little time you can live, you need not fear. That time you had best devote to making your peace with God."

Mr. Frieda turned his face with a wistful expression to Clair and said:

"I am not worthy to speak her name, but do you know if Ethel is alive, and where she may be?"

"She is alive, father, and in yonder lodge."

"So near, so near," he exclaimed, overcome with emotion. "Will you not bring her here?"

"Will you, Taula, say to Ethel, to come here?" asked Clair, of the wondering savage.

She glided to the lodge, and swiftly returned, with vehement gesture said: "She is wounded. She is dying!"

Rollo, Clair and Oswald rushed to the lodge, and Mr. Frieda drew himself up on his elbow and attempted to rise. The blood spurted from his wounds, and with a groan he sank back.

"I can not go," he moaned. "I shall not see her, or hear her speak again! Go back," said he to Taula, "and find if she is dead."

The woman went and soon returned saying: "The pale flower does not speak. White man's bullet went in at her breast."

"Is she dead?" gasped the agonized father.

"Dead!" replied the woman.

"Dead! I have killed her! I have killed them all! But her I shot. My ball went on that errand, and has left her blood on my hands and only the eternal fires of hell can burn them clean! And I linger here, villain, monster that I am; wretched in life, and fearing the life to come! Oh, the arrow! how it stings, it must come out."

He took hold the shaft and with desperate effort drew it forth; the head remained, and the blood unobstructed flowed in a bright red tide.

He fell back gasping for breath, and with one spasm life gave her throne to death.

When Clair with her attendants entered the lodge, they found Ethel lying on a robe, her bosom stained with blood, and life evidently nearly extinct.

She recognized them, and with a faint smile raised her hand which was taken by Oswald.

"It is finished," she whispered. "Sooner, much sooner than I dared to hope. Death to me is an angel, he will bear me out of the shadows. Remember Fide and Frolic.—You must all be very—very—happy—"

Rollo and Clair softly left the lodge, and Oswald remained with his dead.

They passed to the side of their father, to find his spirit had taken its

departure, and Elder Bigham, during their absence had been seized by the Indians, whose thirst for vengeance had not been appeased, and dealt with according to dictates of savage cruelty.

The next day they selected a spot for the last resting place of the loved one, whose life had been so brief and full of sorrow.

Under the grove on the top of the swelling hill where they were encamped—they dug a grave, not deep. With tender hands they lined it with evergreen, decked with flowers. In the bottom was placed a soft bed of branches, and strewn with snowy blossoms.

Ethel was arrayed in her Indian costume. They placed her on the couch they had prepared.

She who wept in life now smiled in death. The light of heaven reflected on the features and a joyful expression beamed from the marble face.

As she lay there, as though sweetly sleeping, they could not realize that she was dead. So gently fair, so pleasant in repose, the hand of death beautified and adorned.

"She is like a blossom!" exclaimed Wausatcha with admiration. "Such as she have no home in my lodge.

"Yonder," he pointed upward with intense feeling, "yonder her lodge, with the great Spirit."

Taula bowed over the grave in profound grief, her envy cast to the wind, remembering only the gentle, loving companion. She brought a basket of the rarest flowers she could gather on the hillside, and strewed them over the sleeper. She could only sob:

"Pale flower, Taula loves you. You were only a spirit, and I knew you would go away like a sweet bird."

They all threw in flowers and evergreen boughs until the grave was filled, and the earth forming the mound over them did not seem to press on the fair breast.

Not a tear had moistened Oswald's eye, not a word had been spoken. He had quietly assisted, and with his hands smoothed the sods covering the grave. When it was finished he arose and said:

"Ethel, my dream of life is over. We are separated here by events we can not control. The spirit is purified. Wausatcha is right, your home is grander. I will never return to civilization. Here will I stay by this sacred spot until I can join you, when, as angels, our hearts may be united, and no parting ever come."

ON THE WAY HOME.

"We wish to go to the land of our fathers," said Rollo the next morning to Wausatcha. "We would set out to-day, and perhaps if we strike the trail for California, we shall meet with emigrants."

"You must not go alone. I go with you," replied the chief; "many of us, and then we shall be safe."

"Can you go now?"

"Now; I will have the horses."

In a short time the horses were brought, equipped in front of the lodges. Hardy, tough animals, reared by nature

to take care of themselves, not spoiled by pampering. Gay trappings, silver bits, and gaudy ornaments told that the forage into Mexico had borne fruits. Fide was brought with the others, for Clair. The gentle animal knew her, and with expressions of pleasure, kept by the side of the horse she rode.

Frolic was called, but came not. They found him by Ethel's grave, where all night he had lain, and when Rollo spoke to him, he raised his head slowly and gave a low cry or moan. He would not come away, or touch the food they brought him. He would walk around the mound several times, whining plaintively, and then nestle down by its side.

"Frolic and I will stay!" said Oswald. "He shall keep me company. He nor I shall have long to wait."

They were seated on their horses, ready to depart.

"You are firm in purpose, dear Oswald?"

"Why should I not remain? Why should I go? My life, my heaven, is here. I will stay, waiting and watching."

"I respect your noble purpose," said Rollo, enthusiastically. "Pure and unselfish love is a perfume falling on earth from heaven. There is nothing in the world to compare with it. This is true love, which devotes itself to others, even when nothing can be gained for itself. Love is like the sun, giving light to beautify all things, yet receiving nothing in return. I will not urge you from your decision. Good-by."

"Good-by."

"Good-by," said Clair, with the kiss of a devoted sister.

Wausatcha and six braves had already started in advance of them, and turning their horses' heads, they followed.

When they reached a height of ground, they saw in the distance, Oswald standing by the grave, with the dog at his feet.

The next morning as they were breaking camp, two horsemen suddenly appeared, surprising even the wary Indians, by their advent.

"Oscar and Hial!" exclaimed Rollo.

"And dear little Angie! Come to me!" cried Clair, as Hial set her down from his arms.

She was thin and pale, and her arm was bound in a handkerchief.

The surprise was so great that none could speak. Clair stood with her sister nestling in her arms, the tears of joy glistening in her eyes. Rollo held tightly the hands of Oscar and Hial.

"It is needless for you," he said, "to tell me some terrible event has driven you hither; I read it on your faces."

A terrible tale was that Hial told of the Atonement Room, and their flight, the massacre, and their escape.

"You see the worst of it was Angie was wounded in the arm while in the wagon, and her hurt only bound up with a handkerchief. Brave little girl, she said not a word, but bore the pain. I have dressed it as well as I could, yet it is feverish. She has had, some days, nothing to eat, yet she did not complain. We have been six days out, and some venison I secured is all we've had.

"We have been like hunted beasts. I know now how a deer feels when the dogs are let loose and follow on its track. I constantly looked about us for an enemy, started at night at the least noise, and twice alarmed, took Angie, sleeping in my arms, and galloped away. Yesterday I struck this well beaten trail, and we had decided to throw ourselves on the mercies of the first Indian lodge we found."

"And you would find more mercy in the Shoshonee than the Mormon."

"Aye, more. I wanted to save the child, and Oscar; and I must own I had no relish to be made a target for Mormon bullets.

"If I get through to California and earn enough, I am going back to Maine. I've had a hankering to go for some time, and my hankering is increasing. We have saved ourselves so far, are now together again, and the land lays fair to get through."

"The most appropriate thing for us to do now is to eat a square breakfast, and then proceed to business."

Angie was well cared for by her sister, and the reunion was pleasant, notwithstanding the clouds overhanging the past, and the uncertainty of the future. Angie had been wounded in the arm, a flesh wound not deep, but by irritation and exposure, became badly inflamed.

Wausatcha gathered some leaves of an herb, for which he went in search, and, after bruising them, applied the soft pulp to the wound, and the gentle hands of Clair dressed it.

"You shall have a horse all by yourself now, little one," said Hial. "Fide shall be yours. We can fix the saddle with a buffalo skin, so you can have a fine seat, or lie down if you take a notion to."

Even Wausatcha condescended to assist in making the seat comfortable, and Fide seemed to understand his responsibility. When she was seated on the shaggy robe, she was so happy she merrily laughed, when they charged her to be careful and not fall.

"It is as nice as a bed," she cried.

They again started, stronger, and with lighter hearts.

"We should be happy indeed, were Ethel with us," said Oscar. "You set out to find her sister; did you do so, or do you know what became of her?"

"We found her," replied Clair, and then proceeded to relate the strange occurrences of Oswald's coming, the attack, her death, and Oswald's determination to remain. They all wept in silence as they rode along.

"When I go back, I make him my son," said Wausatcha. "My lodge be his lodge. We will hunt together."

Hial wiped his eyes:

"I believe in religion; was brought up to it. I believe in religious freedom. But I don't believe it correct to call acts that in any civilized land would send a man to the penitentiary, or gallows, religion; and then claim freedom to do them at one's sweet will. They are a pack of hypocritical liars and thieves and cut-throats."

"Take horses very bad," added Wausatcha.

"We have escaped," said Os-

car, "I would believe by the interposition of Providence, had not our angel mother, who ought to have been shielded by the same Providence, been left to suffer."

He paused shudderingly, put his hand to his eyes, as though shutting out a terrible vision.

"I shall always see that horrible event. I can not exclude it a moment, for it is burned into my brain, and to think our father, once so kind and affectionate, should have consented to have lived after such a deed!"

"He is gone now, Oscar," replied Clair, "God will be his judge. He was betrayed by the bad men in whom he trusted."

"No, my boy," cheerfully said Hial, "don't look back and fill the present with regrets. We have plenty to do now, and we will do our best at it."

Thus riding, engaged in conversation, or for hours in sympathy with the surrounding solitude in silence, in two days they reached the pathway over which the daring emigrants from the East, pushed their way to the western slope, after fortunes which too often prove illusive.

The point they reached was a desert, and the path could not be mistaken, for the scattered white and bleaching bones of animals, marked it far as eye could see as on a map.

In the remote east, like a long black line a moving object was visible, and as they continued to gaze they saw that it was an emigrant train. They were now safe, and by joining it could be secured for the remainder of their journey.

Wausatcha and his companions had left them the day previous, and they regarded the accident of meeting this train as especially fortunate.

Fortunate, indeed, was it for Hial, for in the train was a family he, of all the world, would have chosen to have met.

It was that family, in Maine, whose daughter had captured his youthful heart, and who through the years he had been surrounded by Mormon influence was the one bright star to which he was so strongly attracted that nothing could divert him therefrom.

He idealized her into a saint and her saintship reacted on him, so that he constantly held his conduct at his best, in order to make himself worthy of her. Even then he failed, and was ashamed of his best endeavor.

Two thousand miles away, yet her eyes were ever on him, and what "she would say" was his criterion of right and wrong.

She was there with her father's family, walking demurely behind the wagon.

Four years had changed the young girl into a tall, sedate woman, scarcely recognizable, except by the eyes of a lover.

Even Hial hesitated. He could not believe fortune had such good luck in store for him. There however, was her father and mother unchanged; and he could not restrain himself.

He of course, spoke to her father first, because he wished to speak to him least, and then to her mother,

lastly he extended his hand towards her.

He really gave more than his hand; he threw his whole being at her feet, and she with a reserve that seemed to freeze like a blast of Winter, simply said she was glad to meet him!

Hial was not versed in such matters or he would have been satisfied with the light that came in her dark eyes when she spoke those words.

"Going to California," said the father, "and calkerate it will be our home; where on arth did you come from?"

Then followed explanations, and between Hial and his saint, during the long days of the journey, followed many others; so that, before they arrived at the Eldorado, he had abandoned returning to Maine, believing he held possession of as much of that State as he cared for, and had determined to make his home on the golden shore.

One event, however, cast a sad reflection on their minds. The day after they joined the train, Fide became sick. The little horse, reared on northern hills into hardiness, who had withstood the ocean voyage, and a journey across the Continent, accustoming himself to new ways and new food, at last suffered from the accumulated effects of all these causes, or from the alkaline waters.

He lay on his side, breathing hard from pain, while Clair held his head, and Angie stood silently by with the tears chasing each other down her cheeks.

"Will he die?" she asked.

"I fear he will," replied the sympathetic Hial, "and I say true, I rather take that pain myself."

The horse raised up its head, and with an expression in his large eyes, said as clearly as by words: "Can't you help me?" gasped, threw back his head, striking the ground with a heavy sound, and was dead.

They wept as over a friend!

"What, over a horse?" Why not? There is a sort of hopeless grief over a dead animal. Over the loss of our dead friends, we are consoled by the thought that they live beyond the shadow; that they have fulfilled life's mission here, and have departed to a brighter, fairer realm, where a broader sphere is given them for an eternal unfolding in love and knowledge.

We shall meet them there when we pass the shadowy portals, and in the joys of that union, the present life with its cares and burdens will be like a half forgotten dream.

But when a petted animal dies, that is the last! Whatever intelligence and affection it manifested, goes into the great ocean of intelligence and affection out of which it came, as the body is dissolved into the bosom of the elements out of which it came.

It is dust; we may find another like it, but not the same, as we may gather a new flower for the one that has withered in our hand.

They dug a grave and buried him, beyond the reach of the prowling wolf, and at the head of the mound, Oscar set a narrow board, on which with his knife he had carved—FIDE.

HOME IN ENGLAND

England is like a magnificent park: nature is held in abeyance to art, and tree and shrub and flower are trained to the will of the owner.

The banks of the Thames are proverbial for their quiet loveliness, lined with beautiful residences, the happy homes of affluence.

One of these, with every nook and corner telling of a history, of ancestors who had made it a home, was situated some distance from the bank, having a broad lawn reaching down to the water.

Beautiful groups of trees, exquisite arbors covered with vines in bloom, statues and fountains ornamented the terrace, and decorated steps, worn by countless feet, and gray with moss, led to the water.

A boat was waiting by this little wharf. A strong youth and a beautiful young girl were seated in it, evidently having been out rowing, and returned for expected companions, a lady and gentleman, who leisurely came down the graveled walk, and before embarking, sat down on the carved seat at the side, which was overshadowed with a trellis, on which honeysuckles were festooned, making the air fragrant with their sweet perfume.

The youth and maiden in the boat joined them, and we recognize Rollo, Clair, Oscar and Angie.

"After the storm, comes the sunshine," he said. "Our experience has been bitter and sad, but the contrast will make the present more sweet. Already the memory of those days grows dim, and I do not feel such horror when I think of them."

"Two years have passed," replied Clair; "they have been the most joyous of my life, even overshadowed as they have been. Now the shadow lifts. We often wish for memory, but how blessed is forgetfulness! What if we never forgot, but the terrible events of our lives always remained fresh, and our heart strings constantly felt the rude hand of pain, which know not the opiate of time!"

"Time is a balm more healing than that of Gilead, and if it is blessed to forget the evil, it is equally blessed to remember the good."

"I have received more than my share of good, Rollo, much more than I deserve. I sometimes feel that it is a sin to enjoy so much, when those I loved were deprived of even the comforts of life. You were naughty to deceive me, when in my old home you asked me to become your wife, you ought to have told me who you were."

She said this in reproof, but the tone of her voice betrayed her meaning, and said that her heart was overflowing with love akin to devotion for her husband.

"You never asked me who I was. Had you, I should have told you. It was very unguarded in you not to have done so. Had I been a villain you would have suffered."

"Had you been a villain of course I should have asked. You were my teacher and friend, not a stranger. Why should I have asked? Now I do desire to know why you came to our

inhospitable clime, and for so long a time contented yourself as a teacher in my father's family, for the mere pitance he gave you."

"My pay was good, in fact beyond comparison to the work I performed. I received you, and all Sweden could not buy you!"

"That is banter. Why came you? for I know it was not from choice."

"Aye, choice. I had a father then who also had a choice, and his choice was that I should marry a cousin, who owned an adjoining estate, and thus unite the two estates in one family. She was pretty; wellenough; but I did not, nor could not love her, and she had no great preference for me."

"I ran away first to Switzerland and Italy, then to the North where, finding your family, I stayed, charmed by you, although I will confess, at first not knowing by what power I was held."

"My father died while we were in America, and this cousin was married, happily I hope, and this estate which for many generations has been in the family, is mine, or rather pardon me, it is ours."

"God grant that I may continue to fulfill all your expectations, and be to you all you wish," said Clair earnestly.

"I have no fear of that. If a wife does not continue with her husband, it is because he neglects her; neglects to give her the opportunities by which she can continue by his side. Nothing shall ever be allowed to come between us to divert us from common pursuits and purposes. But I have no fear. You must accept all, and know you deserve much more than I can give. The boat awaits us. The river is as lovely as a mirror. See how wonderful the shore is reflected until you can not tell the river from its banks, and every boat makes a picture as exquisite as an artist's dream."

"A lovely scene," exclaimed she, rapturously, and then sighing: "How strongly contrasting with the wilderness of the fiord overlooked by the old home."

"And in equal contrast has been the years. How wonderfully alike are the aspects of nature and the changes of the human heart."

They were absorbed in each other, and conversation was an unnecessary expression of their feelings, for when silent their hearts drew nearest to each other and communicated by means of a subtle magnetism.

There is a marriage of body and a marriage of soul; sorrow is for the first, and joy unending for the last, for it is related to the eternally enduring.

The marriage of souls depends on that love which is an exalted friendship, which grows out of a similarity of being. Its result is that pure love which is willing to make every sacrifice for its object; which purifies from all selfishness and passion, and ennobles and broadens the whole life.

Such love is more jealous of preserving itself pure and uncontaminated, than of that of its object.

It expects of man the same purity and singleness of purpose as of woman, and if he disappoint this expectation, the shrine of devotion falls in ashes.

Clair resumed the conversation:

"One thought haunts me; it is that of Oswald mourning beside Ethel's grave in the remote wilderness. Is he there yet? Is he dead? Poor sister, poor brother, my heart is sad for you!"

"If alive, he is there; if dead, they are together."

"Then you believe they will be united after death?"

"Assuredly. The good God never made the human heart with all its divine aspirations, its intense longings, its chords so delicately attuned to the touch of love, only that it might be swept by the rude hand of pain, and be crushed, bleeding in the dust."

"I am so glad you have this beautiful belief. It makes me love you more to know our love is eternal, and death will not separate us."

"If you two continue talking, we shall not go boating to-day," said the impatient Angie. "We waited for you, went alone, returned, and now you are not ready. How can you find so much to talk about?"

"Never mind, Angie," replied Oscar. "When you are older you will find some one who will talk with you in the same manner."

They arose, and were stepping down to the boat, when a stranger, who, unobserved, had come along the path, appeared on the terrace.

His beard was white as snow, and matched his long hair falling on his shoulders. His face was browned by exposure, and wrinkled with care. His eyes were bright and clear, with that intense expression which comes when hope triumphs over grief and cheers the weary heart.

For a moment they all stood gazing intently at the stranger, vainly endeavoring to recall the face which evoked familiar memories.

Suddenly, Clair exclaimed, "Oswald!" and they knew him, and all ran up the steps, overwhelming him with their fond welcome.

"We were talking of you, dear brother; we thought, perhaps, you were dead. We had no expectation of seeing you again."

"Did you not know I have become happy; aye, do not start with surprise. I have become as happy as I was miserable."

"I am glad," replied Clair, "for your grief was useless to the dead, and we constantly thought of you sacrificing yourself."

"You mistake," he replied, earnestly. "This is not a grief outgrown. It is not the result of time and the fading of memories. Do not think me like those who, on ships, consign their dead to the deep and sail away; memory, with the horizon, becoming obscured in mists and clouds, and other scenes and other faces taking the place of the ones early cherished. I would scorn myself if I were thus fickle."

"My good, dear brother," said Rollo, "do not excuse yourself to us. We know how generous and sacred are the impulses which guide you, and regard your remaining in the wilderness as an unnecessary sacrifice."

An expression of pain swept over his face, as he replied: "You do not under-

stand. I have come to the world again for a purpose infinitely of more consequence than my personal pleasure. I have forgotten nothing. I have learned vastly more. Listen and I will tell you.

"When you left me I was determined to remain and die on that holy shrine, for I had no motive beyond, in this life. I was heartbroken and crushed; despairing and hopeless.

"No brother was ever more sympathetic than Wausatcha, to me. In his rude way he expressed his tenderness; and his attentions, at times, would have been creditable to the most refined.

"During the year the tribe remained near the same locality. During the Summer Taula carried flowers each evening to Ethel's grave, and in Winter she kept it fresh with evergreen boughs."

"Frolic would take no food, and after a few days, never leaving the mound, he expired. I buried him at his mistress's feet.

"Then came the weary Winter. Oh the watching and waiting in the solitude of the day and the silence of the night.

"The storms swept from the mountain, sparkling in its whiteness, cold as the heart of Nature. Nature herself was dead, and there was harmony between the grave and the snowy-shroud. The leafless trees, the moanless evergreens, the sigh of icy winds.

"There was gladness in my heart that if she was dead, the world was also dead, lying beneath its shroud with leaden skies for canopy.

"And the Spring came with its resurrection of bud and leaf and flower, of insect life, of singing birds, but no resurrection for her, and I used to go to her grave. All was so silent and still, while above and around the world was so bright and fair, it seemed wicked for the sun to shine in the heavens, and she who would enjoy it so much,—dead.

"I would go to the grave and call her name. If she existed, I thought, if she was an angel as our religion taught, she would come to me; and know that I was calling and answer me.

"But when I called, no answers came from the frosty air but the echo of my voice. Cold, dark nothingness stared me in the face. The lips of death were silent forever.

"I said there is no God, no immortal life. There is nothing but blind, cruel, remorseless fate and we are toys, thrown on its capricious waves.

"There was only one evidence of the resurrection. On the mound there sprang up a slender stock supporting a single white bell-like flower. To me, watching its growth day by day, it seemed to embody her spirit, and I talked to it as I would have talked to her. Ah me, some insect gnawed its root and even before it expanded—that flower, also, died.

"The Summer came, and then it was Autumn. The grass browned beneath the tread of the frost, the leaves of the trees began to fall, and eddy in the winds, and a dire sickness fell on the tribe. A medicine man must be chosen.

"The tribe met at the rising of the full moon, to make their choice.

"It fell on Wausatcha, who was the unanimous choice.

"To become initiated as a medicine man he had to retire to the most secluded part of the mountains and remain fasting until the Great Spirit appeared and gave him instructions.

"That very night he set out, and I accompanied him. We soon reached the mountain ascent, and following a path worn in the rocks entered a narrow canyon, at the bottom of which murmured a little stream, and above, for a thousand feet or more, towered the smooth cut rocks.

"Turning into a fissure at the right, we entered a cave, which had been smoothed and fashioned by the hand of man. There was an altar of stone in the center of the room, and stone seats around. Through a fissure in the wall the moonlight fell directly on the shrine.

"We remained there fasting, the chief often for hours absorbed in silent invocation, to the Great Spirit or to his ancestors.

"On the fourth night a strange sensation came over me; a thrill of joy such as I had not felt for years, swept through my being. I felt a presence sweet and beautiful, and, turning my eyes, I saw our lost Ethel standing on the altar, surrounded by a halo of light. Her dress was azure like the clearest sky, and her hair more golden than while on earth. Her face expressed the most perfect happiness.

"I would have rushed to the altar and clasped her in my arms, but I could not move. I could not speak, but I thought how mistaken I had been, weeping for her as dead, while she lived and was near me.

"She heard my unuttered speech, and replied:

"*'I am dead to earth, though alive. I have drank the bitter cup of death, and have found eternal life. I am serenely happy, for the misfortunes of earth have not stained my spirit. Dear Oswald, rest assured, love blooms in immortal verdure beyond the grave. Not one of its tenderest fibers is broken. The grave is not my resting place, and while your devotion is pleasing to me, your place is not there. The world is full of sorrow and suffering. You should go forth and show your love for me, in kindness and devotion to others. Weeping by the mound casts a shadow over me, which dims the brightest light of heaven. Go away into the world, and the benediction and the help of the angels will go with you in your good work. And when it is finished you will meet me on these purple shores, where there will be no more parting, or aching hearts, forever.'*

"She melted into the air, and I, since that hour, have been changed.

"I have returned to the world, cheerful, hopeful and happy, and what remains of life I shall devote as directed."

"Whatever the cause that again brings you to us, we welcome you as a brother, and you must regard this as your home."

"My duty lies with my people in the North, yet I thank you for the proffered rest here for a time. I forgot to mention that Wausatcha wished to be remembered."

"Ah, he was true and generous! Did he see the vision with you?" asked Clair.

"He saw more than I. His grandfather, who was a famous medicine man, came afterward, and while he knelt at the altar, devoted him to the healing of the sick, telling him of a remedy for the disease afflicting his

tribe, and returning, he healed them all."

"How long remained you after this with the tribe?"

"It was a month before I could break from them.

"When I returned from the cave, my hair and beard had become white, as you now see them, and the savages, imputing some supernatural power to that fact, in connection with the success of their chief in curing their sickness, almost adored me.

"I had already become attached to them and their ways of life, and I lingered day by day, postponing my departure.

"When the moment came, the tribe gathered around to bid me farewell.

"Wausatcha was greatly moved.

"After the season we spent in the cave, he became entirely changed. His mind was broader and more penetrating, and I was constantly surprised at his wonderful knowledge, which he seemed to gain by direct inspiration. He lost his stolid indifference, and his countenance expressed the passing emotions of his mind. He became tender, gentle, and a thoughtful light came on his brow.

"He rode by my side for several hours, not having courage to turn away. Then suddenly wheeling his horse, he said: 'I return to my people, you to yours. May the Great Spirit keep us both until we meet in a better hunting-ground.' He spurred his horse and swept past, leaving me to pursue my lonely way."

A pleasant English home with love aflame on its altar, kindled by hands of vestal purity: and a love expectant and serene with hope, exalting and leading to noble purposes. Such is the ending of this story.

THE END.

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The heroes and heroines of these foreign writers are a strange people to us; they live in far-away lands; their surroundings are as unfamiliar as mid-Africa; their occupations, pursuits and pleasures are not those of our own daily life. Hence we can not place ourselves in hearty accord and sympathy with them. Their aims, hopes, and ambitions seem to us narrow and trivial, their actions cramped and fettered, when compared with the freer, stronger, fresher life about us. In a word, these foreign writings have too little crispness and "snap," and too much of My Lord This, and Your Ladyship That, and the dreary namby-pamby-ism of their monotonous lives.

It is true, there are occasional notable exceptions, to this almost universal rule, but only when the writer sends his hero out upon the sea, or to newer countries, that he may return with something worth the telling and the listening.

SECOND, On the other hand, we find the weekly story papers. These, in avoiding the weakness of the Libraries, fall into an equally fatal error. Knowing that the reader's interest centers on the two leading stories, their publishers dole them out in such tiny measures that month follows month, leaving us in most aggravating suspense as to the fate of our hero. And when, after endless waiting, we draw near the *denouement* we are beset with painful doubts whether the Tim Anderson of No. 36 was the base villain or spotless martyr of No. 14, and have quite forgotten the beautiful Miss Castleman, whom we last read of some six or eight weeks ago. Well aware that the readers of these weeklies buy them only for the two central continued stories, their publishers fill the remainder of their sheets with the most trifling short sketches, and diluted news, confident that this "padding" will scarcely be glanced at.

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